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SIR FREDERICK BRUCE.

The sudden death, at Boston, on September 19, of Sir Frederick Bruce, English Minister at Washington, has served to recall many pleasant recollections of the distinguished gentleman. After various services in various diplomatic capacities in China, Newfoundland, Bolivia, Uraguay, and Egypt, Sir Frederick was appointed Minister to this country. He reached Washington early in April, 1865, at the moment the rebellion was going to pieces. Mr. Seward was at the time confined to his bed by injuries occasioned by being thrown from his carriage; and the arrangements for the presentation of the new Minister to President Lincoln had to be made by the Assistant Secretary of State, F. W. Seward. After the Cabinet meeting on Friday, the 14th, Secretary F. W. Seward asked President Lincoln if he would receive Sir Frederick Bruce on the following day. President Lincoln replied, "Yes, at any hour you choose." The Acting-Secretary then inquired, "Shall it be at 2 o'clock, in the blue room?" "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "at 2 o'clock, and be sure to send up the speeches, as I like to read over those things beforehand." Promising to do so, Mr. Seward took his leave, and on the same day sent up to Mr. Lincoln the drafts of the speeches.

On the night of that day Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and the attempt was made to take the life of both the Secretary and son. By this attempt the last-named was left totally unconscious and ill for many days. The first sign of returning consciousness exhibited by him was his asking, "Has Sir Frederick Bruce been presented yet?" On being informed that he had, he asked, "By whom?" The reply was, "By Mr. Hunter." Sir Frederick had been presented on the 20th of April to President Johnson by Mr. Hunter, who had in the mean time been appointed Acting-Secretary of State. Mr. F. W. Seward asked, "What day of the week is it?" The answer given was, "Tuesday." "What day of the month?" The day was named, which reply being unsatisfactory, he then inquired, "What month is it?" "The response was, "May;" and so he learned that it was the month of May. It was not until a month later than this that he was informed of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and of the accession of President Johnson.

THE LATE SIR FREDERICK BRUCE.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Sir Frederick was about fifty-two years of age, though his bald head and white hair and whiskers caused him to impress a stranger as at least ten years older. He was one of the sprightliest and most lively of men, and was regarded as the most fluent and brilliant conversationist at Washington. He first came to this country in 1841, in connection with Lord Ashburton's legation, and he was at that time much admired for his personal beauty. Rufus Choate said of him that he was "the Corinthian part of the British legation." He always expressed great admiration and friendship for the United States, and it was principally the knowledge of this feeling which occasioned his appointment as Minister to Washington. The only one of our institutions he objected to was the railroad regulation which prohibited a gentleman entering certain cars unless accompanied by a lady. As the deceased Minister usually desired to ride in other cars than those filled with smokers and tobacco-chewers, whenever he traveled he was under the ludicrous necessity, being a confirmed bachelor, of taking his cook with him, as a means of obtaining admittance to the ladies' car.

The family of Bruce is one of the oldest in England. Like all the first families of England its head came over with William the Conqueror. Among the most illustrious members of the family was Robert Bruce of Scotland; and the royal lines of Bruce, Stuart, and Guelph are descended from the same stock. The first of the line of each of these houses was Robert de Bruys, a Norman.

COLLISION OF THE STEAMERS "DEAN RICHMOND" AND "CORNELIUS VANDERBILT" ON THE HUDSON RIVER, September 19, 1867.—[See next Page.]

STEAMBOAT COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE *Dean Richmond* and *Cornelius Vanderbilt*, steamers of rival lines on the Hudson River, collided on the night of September 19 near Rondout, and the former immediately sunk to her upper saloon-decks. Our illustration on this page represents the two vessels at the moment of the disaster. The following statements of passengers on the *Richmond* will explain the nature and circumstances, and perhaps suggest the cause of the collision.

Professor MARSH, of Fort Hamilton, was sitting near the bow of the *Dean Richmond*, and saw the light of the approaching *Vanderbilt*. He says: "I watched her closely, and saw she was coming in a straight line for our boat; but I thought she would turn off, unless the parties on board were asleep. She did not, however, do so until, when within fifty yards of each other, one of the boats blew a whistle, and then both turned sharp, but in the same direction—to the left—toward the New York shore. I saw them approach each other, and when within about fifteen yards of the *Vanderbilt*, knowing the collision was inevitable, I ran for my friends, to get them up, and roused all the people I could, and told them to get up, as the boats were going to strike. I then ran toward the bow, and was about half-way, near the engine-house, on the first saloon, when the crash came—and such a crash I never heard before. The two boats then stuck fast in each other, and remained so until the *Dean* began to sink—when the state-rooms of the *Vanderbilt* were all broken—and it was only then the two steamers got loose, and the *Dean Richmond* went down. The *Vanderbilt* struck the other in the bow and crushed some of the first-class state-rooms, and as the *Richmond* was sinking all the cabins rested on the *Vanderbilt*. The two boats presented a very shattered appearance, and the bow of the *Vanderbilt*, which was a false one, was to be seen hanging in the water."

WILLIAM H. VANDERBURG, the pilot of the *Dean Richmond*, says: "The *Vanderbilt* was observed from the pilot-house of the *Richmond* fully 15 minutes before the collision, and the officers on duty had remarked, 'There comes the *Vanderbilt*,' thus proving that there was ample time to avoid the catastrophe. When about half a mile apart the whistle of the *Vanderbilt* was sounded twice—the legal signal of her desire to pass on the port, or left-hand side. The *Richmond's* whistle returned the signal in assent, and her head was put to the left to pass on that side. Just as she had veered to this new course, the *Vanderbilt's* whistle sounded again—this time a single blow, signifying that she wished to pass on the starboard or right-hand side. At this time the boats had approached so closely that it was impossible for the *Richmond* to alter her course, and she therefore sounded her whistle three or four times in succession, intimating a confusion of signals and that she could not change her course. At the same time her engine bell was sounded in rapid succession, first to 'slow' her, then stop, and finally to back. At the moment the two vessels came together the engines of the *Richmond* were backing hard, and her headway was entirely checked."

A colored porter on the *Richmond* was the only person lost by the collision; the 140 passengers on the same steamer, although in a great state of excitement and confusion, were safely transferred to other vessels.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1867.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE subject of impeachment has received a fresh impulse from recent events. The later action of the President has been so flagrant in its hostility to the plain intention of the laws that many persons who have hitherto steadily opposed the project of impeachment now begin to feel that there is no other remedy for the situation. But it by no means follows that those who have demanded impeachment were therefore right. It may be highly probable that a surly and willful man will break the peace, but it would be a great mistake to punish him for surliness. The criminal law must wait for overt acts.

The same reasoning does not altogether apply, indeed, to the case of impeachment, but its spirit does. When the cry for impeachment was first raised there was no general demand for such action, because there was no general conviction of its necessity. Certain persons were very sure that it would become a necessity, and therefore they insisted upon the measure. But they could not expect that the country would share their opinion without further evidence, and they probably did not. The wisest of them confided sufficiently in their own sagacity to believe that the President would show without much delay his intention to thwart the purpose of the people. The removal of General SHERIDAN was popularly accepted as the final proof of that intention, and it was understood, and even announced, that several prominent opponents of impeachment, including Mr. WILSON, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, were converted to the belief of its necessity.

Yet, technically and verbally, up to the present moment, the President has not violated the law. The law gave him authority to remove General SHERIDAN. Indeed, it was one of the objections urged against the Reconstruction bill that the President might appoint whomsoever he chose under the express conditions of the law; and when he named SHERIDAN, SICKLES, and the rest his action was regarded as a sign of acquiescence, while it was not denied that he might have named others at his pleasure. So with his suspension of Mr. STANTON. It is not a literal violation even of the Civil Tenure bill, which was supposed to bind him so closely. The President has taken good care to guard that point, at least to the present time. Should he go further and direct the reopening of the registry, in order to admit those persons who are excluded by law, then, of course, unless Congress intended to surrender the government of the country, it would impeach the President for breaking the law.

But it is plain that a President may properly be impeached and removed without any technical or literal violation of law upon his part. The offenses for which he may be impeached are not criminal in the ordinary sense, nor is his punishment such. He is impeached, if at all, for political offenses, and his punishment is simply removal from a political office. His guilt must be determined, therefore, from the very nature of political offenses, not merely by verbal violations of a law, but by a conceded and evident and perilous obstruction of the execution of a law. If the plainly expressed sentiments of the President and his public action show that, deeming the law unconstitutional, he proposes to defeat its execution, and if his conduct accordingly exposes the nation to serious peril, Congress will undoubtedly act in the spirit and not merely by the letter of the Constitution which authorizes impeachment. The words of the fourth section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States are: "The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." What is a high crime in this sense? What is a misdemeanor?

We would not strain the words of the Constitution. We would not lightly interpret even so mild a word as misdemeanor, for the precedent would be dangerous and it would be surely invoked. But while ANDREW JOHNSON is President it is impossible that the great work of reconstruction can properly proceed. The experience of two years shows that in every way he will thwart and embarrass it, and that he will not hesitate, as now, to hold the whole country in agitating suspense. The question is whether his continuance in the Presidential office, watched by a permanent Congress, is not a greater peril than the process of impeachment. If the conduct of the President is such that Congress can not safely adjourn lest he should baffle the execution of the laws, is not his conduct a misdemeanor within the intent of the Constitution? It is useless to say that if the elections show that the people still support Congress the President will change his course. Did not the elections of last year most emphatically show the feeling of the people? And are we now any nearer peace than then? Is there any less necessity of a permanent session of Congress than there was last year? Has not every election since the President's policy was understood rebuked it, and has he changed his course?

The precedent of impeachment, when there has been no technical violation of the law, is undoubtedly dangerous. But great political offenders, as we have seen in the case of the rebel chiefs, protect themselves and mature their designs under technicalities and literal interpretations. The part of a great statesman in a great emergency is to determine when to rely upon the spirit of the law, even without the letter. It is a risk, indeed, but in great emergencies risks must be taken. The execution of STRAFFORD can, perhaps, hardly be justified, for the impeachment failed and he was reached by an act of attainder. In our time, as the latest English writer upon the subject, GOLDWIN SMITH—whose paper upon PYM we commend to our readers—says, no just man would use it against the worst and most dangerous of criminals. Yet although his execution may not be justified, STRAFFORD was intriguing to put an army under the king's command to subvert the fundamental law, and he was undoubtedly guilty of treason against the nation. Had it no right to defend itself in any manner whatever? Had it no right to lay hands upon STRAFFORD and imprison him? Under the circumstances, would it have been a valid argument against it to say that hereafter HAMPDEN or PYM might also be accused of treason against the nation and imprisoned? It seems to us to have been precisely one of the emergencies in which the risk must be taken. It was like the order of the New York police forbidding FERNANDO WOOD to send arms to ROBERT TOOMBS. WOOD asserted that they were private property going to a citizen of the United States. The police and the common-sense of the country declared that they were arms going to a rebel and stopped them. STRAFFORD should not have been executed, but, in the highest interests of the public safety, he might have been imprisoned.

We believe that public sentiment would justify impeachment. But it is for the Judiciary Committee to determine whether the case can be so presented as to make conviction a moral certainty. If it can not, then the process should not be attempted. There must be something very different from Mr. ASHLEY's charges as the ground of action. Acts must be fully proved which are a violation of law, or which imply an unmistakable intention to thwart the honest execution of the laws and to endanger the safety of the country.

GENERAL GRANT.

IT is asserted that General GRANT has been urged to write a letter defining his position. What kind of a letter? A letter for the purpose of saying that he is wholly opposed to the President's conduct and to his theory of the situation? A letter declaring his hearty adhesion to the principles and policy of the Republican party? But what kind of letter is it supposed would satisfy those who are still in doubt upon these points? If in times like these a man's conduct does not reveal his sympathies how can his words do it?

We said a few weeks since that the country must be in no doubt as to the position of the person whom the Republican party might nominate for President. We said also that we did not believe that General GRANT—if he were to be a candidate at all—would expect the nomination of the Republican party so long as there was any obscurity as to his political views. Then in the course of his duty General GRANT wrote a letter to the President deprecating the removal of General SHERIDAN. It was more than a letter, it was an act, and it was an act susceptible of one interpretation only. He is not likely to write letters for the purpose of writing letters, nor of saying what he thinks upon subjects upon which he is compelled to act. It seems to us that General GRANT's temperament and training will determine the methods by which he will reveal his opinions. In so conspicuous a position, and from the necessity of his official conduct, he manifests himself and his sympathies exactly as Mr. STANTON did. Did he write letters? Did he constantly explain himself? Would he be required to state the reasons of his continuance in Mr. JOHNSON's cabinet if there were an intention or hope of nominating him for the Presidency?

We repeat that General GRANT can not be nominated by the Republican party unless that party is satisfied of his sympathy with its views and measures. But a letter only is not satisfactory evidence to any thoughtful man. We want the sincerity of the act as well as the verbal assent. Whether the General writes or does not write, there is a very decided opinion of his position in the mind of every honest Republican. It is that opinion derived from many sources which will determine the nomination.

We do not think that they are very wise who are trying to persuade the General to write a letter for the purpose of defining his position. No man in such a condition of the country as the present should be willing to nominate a President because of any letter written for the purpose of affecting the nomination. When words are acts, and when letters written in the course of duty are harmonious with the whole impression given by a man's conduct, then indeed his letter is important, and will necessarily be influential.

It seems to us that we know all of General GRANT's opinions and feelings that we are likely to know. We do not believe that a letter will change the public impression. He is a man without political antecedents, as they are called, who as an army officer, bred in the traditions of the army, eschewed politics, and, as we understand, never voted but once, and then for BUCHANAN, and has been heartily sorry for it ever since, with a great many other good men who did the same thing. From the beginning of the war he has evidently been under no misapprehension of its scope and meaning. When the war was over he went a little way into the rebel States, and upon his return recommended a generous policy. That he did not mean by generosity weakness or folly is evident enough. As General of the army, upon invitation of the President, he accompanied the contemptible and melancholy procession of the summer of 1866. But in the midst of it he spoke the few sharp, clear words reported by the Chicago or Cincinnati journal, which showed precisely where he stood, and which rebuked more powerfully than any other censure the effort of the President. Since then, during the last sessions of Congress, he and Mr. STANTON have been united not only in intimate personal friendship but in steady opposition to the whole policy of the President. No man more earnestly than he has labored with Congress not to trust an Executive who had shown himself utterly untrustworthy. Upon this subject he was just as positive as Mr. STEVENS or Mr. SUMNER.

These things are fully known to the country. General GRANT, indeed, has not himself said much about them or about any other of his actions and opinions. But by such impression as he has already made upon the national heart and mind he must stand or fall if he is a Presidential candidate, and with that impression he may be satisfied. He can not disturb the past any more than ANDREW JOHNSON. The loyal people wholly trust him now, or they never will. And we wonder if those who most warmly deprecated his going into the War Department now condemn his action, and whether his removal or suspension under the circumstances would not cause much more alarm even than the suspension of Mr. STANTON. Does not the loyal national heart wholly trust him? And if it does not, would a letter convert it?

"THE EVE OF EVENTS."

IT is the height of folly to suppose that the President does not meditate, under certain circumstances, a violent solution of the present situation. We have already endeavored to alarm our readers. Better a false alarm than a fatal apathy or a smiling incredulity. We have also endeavored elsewhere in these columns to show that the question of violence depends very much upon the result of the elections of the autumn. If, from any indifference of feeling, the Republican party declines to poll its full strength, and the Democratic party regains power, the President will undoubtedly forcibly resist a process of impeachment, should Congress think fit to proceed with it.

Nor is it wise to regard such a warning as a mere electioneering trick. The Democratic papers, whose interest it is to lull public apprehension, may loudly say this, but no man who has watched the President, and who understands the force of human passions, will think so. Nor is it of any importance to demonstrate that violence upon the President's part would be hopeless and utterly futile. Men in his position do not reason. They do not clearly calculate chances. A desperate and ignorant and passionate man strikes indeed blindly and wildly, but he strikes. Does the country fully understand this? Do the people perceive that the peril is vital and imminent? Do they see that it is not enough to wait for impeachment by Congress, because a Democratic success at the polls would be interpreted by the President as a popular verdict against Congress? Do they feel that the peace of the country depends upon the elections of this autumn as much as its safety hung upon that of 1864? If Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York fully understand this we have no fear of the result. If they do not, every man and woman in the country ought to fear the worst.

We commend to our friends in all those States the following extract from a letter which we have just received from Washington, written by a perfectly calm and capable observer, who served through the late war: "Do people up North appreciate that we are on the eve of great events? Straws show which way the wind blows, and from little things that I am enabled to see in military circles it is evident that they think it not at all unlikely that their swords may have to fly out at any moment; and they keep them well-sharpened and loose in the scabbards, ready for the contingency."

THE MAIN QUESTION.

Is the will of the President the law of the land? That is the question which the people of this country are now summoned to answer. He calls his will the Constitution, and his persistence obedience to the Constitution. But by what authority does the President insist that his view of the Constitution shall prevail, after Congress has declared against his view in the manner which the Constitution prescribes? When Congress has passed a law or approved a policy to which the President objects that, in his judgment, it is not constitutional, Congress must reconsider its determination, and can not make it lawful except by a majority of two-thirds. But when that is done the President has but two constitutional alternatives—one is resignation, and the other is a faithful execution of the law.

These are the most elementary truths of our political system, and the intention of the Constitution is evident. It is to avoid a conflict of authority. It is to confine the President to a purely executive function when his objections have failed to defeat the law. An honorable man of profound convictions, who, as President, had vainly opposed what he deemed fatally unconstitutional and perilous to the country, might resign, and by his resignation impress upon the country, as nothing else could, the gravity of the emergency. But no honorable man, who, as President, had objected in vain, and who did *not* resign, would attempt, either directly or indirectly, to thwart the will of the people in Congress constitutionally expressed. To do that would be to attempt a revolution, and that is precisely what the President is now attempting. He has not, indeed, as yet technically violated the law, but he is hedging and temporizing so that the law may be violated; and he is responsible, with the Democratic party supporting him, for the paralysis which has fallen upon the subject of reconstruction. Let us see how.

Congress has passed a law providing for registry and election in the late rebel States. The President vetoed the law. He declared that he thought it wholly unconstitutional and de-

structive of civil liberty. Congress passed the law over his veto. Instead of resigning or faithfully executing the law in its spirit and for its declared purpose, the President began to prevaricate, to perplex, and to denounce. He repeats in public and in private his conviction that Congress is virtually treasonable to the Constitution, and appeals, as he says, to the people against Congress; that is to say, he appeals to the people against their representatives. Such a course plunges the whole country into confusion. The President arrays himself against a law constitutionally enacted; issues proclamations and makes removals of officers intended to defy and delay the will of the country as expressed by Congress, upon the ground that Congress does not represent the people, and that he, elected two years before Congress, *does* represent them. This brings him into an attitude of hostility to Congress, which the Constitution does not contemplate, and which no honorable officer would assume. So long as that hostility lasts it is impossible to foresee its issue. It will depend very much upon the personal character of the President whether it will not end in violence. Meanwhile it is impossible for the country to become tranquil. Industry and trade are both disturbed. The States in question are universally agitated. Immigration ceases. Capital refuses to invest. The spirit of rebellious hate to the Government and the Union is kept awake. A true loyalty is discredited and depressed, and the social disturbance of the war is indefinitely prolonged.

This is precisely the situation into which the President has thrown the country. Instead of resigning he has chosen to remain and to evade the execution of the law, hoping that a reaction might arise which would justify him in his opposition to the law. In other words, he erects his will as law, and defies Congress and the Constitution. Now what one President does any President may do. If upon a difference between the Executive and Congress the Executive may defeat the operation of a law, the whole government is substantially concentrated in him. Do the people of this country mean to approve such a view? On the contrary, if the present situation is fairly understood by them, there is no conceivable doubt that they would express themselves as they have during the war and in the last year's election.

It is to this point that we would draw public attention. The State elections, locally important as they may be, are, of necessity, in the present situation of the country, mainly significant in their national relations. This may be a matter of regret, but it is nevertheless a fact, and we must deal with it. If the party which does not agree with the President that Congress is "a body hanging upon the verge of the Government" should be defeated even upon the local State issues, the President would not fail to regard it as a popular decision in his favor, and he would wage his war with Congress more fiercely than ever. The one point, then, which should be plainly kept in view by the country, and constantly and earnestly presented by orators and journals is, that in the coming elections we are all voting for or against the settlement of reconstruction by Congress. Wherever the Union party is defeated, the defeat will be interpreted to mean support of the President against Congress. Wherever it is victorious, the people will be understood to decide that the President's will is *not* the law of the land.

THE MONETARY DISTURBANCES.

Our readers in the rural districts, whose even course of trade and business is scarcely rippled by the spasmodic eruptions that disturb the large commercial centres, have little conception of the degree of excitement and disorder that attend these financial disturbances in our city. They read, betimes, of sudden and unaccountable flurries in Wall Street, of panics at the Stock Exchange, and of rapid fluctuation in the gold premium; or, quite possibly, these perturbations of the monetary atmosphere arise and pass away altogether without their notice. They are quite beyond the influences of mere temporary derangements of the market. The manipulations of speculators and the results that flow from hidden causes, the tricks of the trade, the reciprocal effect of shrewdly-concocted financial schemes upon political party measures, are alike incomprehensible to their minds. It is not the province of this paper to watch and report the course of the money market from week to week; yet, while we prefer to deal in more comprehensive topics, it is well to occasionally advise our readers of the financial situation.

Upon the eve of important elections, or when great constitutional changes are contemplated through legislative action, then all manner of wild schemes are sprung upon the public to influence the measures proposed; alarming rumors circulate and multiply; apprehensions of public calamity not clearly defined are excited. Acutely sensitive to slightest indications of danger, the money market tightens, government securities decline, stocks tumble, and the gold premium advances. The ocean cable telegraphs the alarm to Europe, and holders of our bonds anxiously calculate the chances of repudiation. Wiseacres offer all sorts of explanations of this strange state of affairs—this sudden clouding over of the sky of promised prosperity. High public officers at once become targets of accusation; direct accusations of patriotic men of open schemes of repudiation are made. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with collusion with speculators; and the strong hints and stronger facts of preparations for armed revolution in high places are used to disturb the markets. At such periods of excitement no rumor is too wild or too improbable for belief. But the storm is but generally of few days' duration. The wave of panic gradually subsides, and business resumes its wonted channels. The fever is intermittent and not dangerous, though the symptoms are often alarming. In this country, fortunately, revolutions are not easily ignited, although the popular system is nervous and sensitive.

One of such periods of panic has just overborne the market, we can not justly say without apparent cause. There are political influences at work which justify alarm and apprehension of trouble to come, and which the popular sentiment ought to crush before they produce greater mischief; but, as is always the case, the trouble is aggravated by speculators of all stripes. The pressure for money is increasing, call loans on "Governments" having advanced to 7 per cent. Efforts are continued to make the market even more stringent. The opinion is, that the tightness will continue until the quarterly bank statement is made up. "Governments" show a slight decline. The increased pressure for currency has caused a further decline in gold; gold is now 3 per cent. below the recent highest point. The policy of the Secretary of the Treasury works in behalf of the Bear interest, with a large idle cash balance on hand, pressing sales of gold and selling Five-Twenty bonds. A sound financial course would be to sell when the money market is easy. These large sales of gold and Five-Twenties require legal-tender notes in payment; thus the banks, being largely depleted of their legal tenders, are compelled to call in their loans extensively. The advance in the rate of interest checked the upward movement in stocks, and the market has suffered a very considerable depression, Erie taking the lead with a decline of 8 per cent. in the last few days. Reading holds on best, with a decline of only 1 per cent.

This ascendency of the Bear interest is likely to be strengthened by the general distrust of the future. There seems to be a growing belief that Congress, at its next convening, may adopt measures for winding up the National Banks, the pressure in that direction having increased. Such a course would only tend to complicate present difficulties, although its advocates claim that the substitution of legal tenders for National Bank notes need occasion no inflation of the currency. Our disordered finances are in danger of still greater derangement from the hatching of a new batch of so-called schemes for their better regulation. We trust that the derangement of the money market may be only temporary and not seriously affect general business, though the prevailing opinion seems to be that more trouble is to follow.

ANTIETAM AND GETTYSBURGH.

The dedication at Antietam was an occasion which, although utterly different in spirit and impression, inevitably recalled that at Gettysburgh, and the grateful honors that were tenderly paid to the heroes of the one field were renewed in the public heart to those of the other. The battle of Antietam under another commander than M'Clellan would have been the turning-point of the war. It was contested with wonderful bravery by our men; and the work of Hooker in the morning and of Burnside at the bridge were but illustrations of the universal valor. It should have been a great and glorious victory. That was what the invincible courage of the soldiers and the skill of the officers made it. But the peculiar temperament of M'Clellan turned it into a mere check and delay of the enemy. The instinct and knowledge of a whole people are not unjust. They do not err in their estimate of the quality of Thomas at Chickamauga, of Grant in the Wilderness, or of Sheridan in the Shenandoah; and they do not mistake in their judgment of M'Clellan at Antietam. He failed in an extraordinay emergency. It is not necessary to accuse his loyalty. His conduct accuses itself.

There is nothing in the performances of the other day at Antietam that is particularly inspiring. The speech of Governor Fenton was the best of the speeches—simple, earnest, and uncompromising. The remarks of the President were, as usual, pointless, egotistical, and humiliating. They concluded with the same dreary twaddle about the Constitution which he has repeated until it is impossible not to remember what he himself said of a man who is perpetually prating of the Constitution—"Spot him for a traitor." His speech was neither simple, nor solemn, nor appropriate; it was merely commonplace prosing.

When Abraham Lincoln went to Gettysburgh the war was not over. The great responsibility hung heavily on that tender heart, that patient brain. "*Must* I speak?" he said to a gentleman who told him that a speech would be expected; and upon learning that he could not be excused, he went to his room for a little while and wrote. Then he came out, and the services began. The day was soft, and still, and hazy—an exquisite Indian Summer day and atmosphere. The hymn was sung, and Edward Everett, evidently remembering the discourse of Pericles over the Peloponnesian dead, delivered the oration. It was elaborate, and scholarly, and appropriate. But still the reality of the occasion demanded something that had not been said—something to satisfy a conscious want. Then, baring his head, Abraham Lincoln stepped to the front of the platform, and the great crowd gave one hearty shout and closed about him. In the profound silence that followed he spoke. The very winds were still, the air was a benediction, and his voice sounded clear and full to the furthest limit of the crowd. The people stood throughout without a sound, almost without motion. He ended, and for a short time the rapt silence was unbroken. Then another great and seemingly ceaseless shout arose: the Cemetery of Gettysburgh was consecrated, and the world had gained one of the noblest of human discourses.

Let us who were not at the late Antietam service renew our tender remembrance of those who fell there, and our hearty fidelity to the cause for which they died, by recalling the words of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg: "In a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The Republican members of the Constitutional Convention with the best intentions made a mistake at their caucus in refusing to resolve upon adjournment.

The framing of a Constitution for the State of New York is a very grave and difficult matter. The law calling the Convention should not have seemed to limit the time of its deliberations by providing for the submission of its work at the November election. If the people of the State were not willing that the Convention should take as much time for its duties as it thought necessary, they should not have called it together. But under the law as passed the Convention assembled on the 4th of June, and from that day forward, with the exception of a week's vocation at the 4th of July, it has faithfully continued its work. It was neither to be expected nor desired that it should meet upon Monday morning and sit until Saturday evening. The necessary work of such a Convention is too arduous for such incessant devotion. Physical and mental prostration would inevitably interfere with the proper performance of duty. Nor was there any imperative necessity of pressing the labor of the Convention beyond reason, nor of depriving the members who came to their work, already fatigued from their various avocations, of all the recreation to which the summer invites.

There has been a great deal of debate, some of it undoubtedly unnecessary, but very much of it important and instructive. More independence of thought and action upon the floor, more intelligent diligence in the Committee rooms, are not easily to be encountered in any deliberative body. But it has been for some time evident that the work could not be properly finished in time to be submitted at the election of this autumn. After the middle of September this became so sure that delegates of both parties did not affect to deny it. There was a suggestion of united action of the two parties for an adjournment. But whatever the reason, it was finally understood and frankly stated by leading Democrats that they preferred to await Republican action. As the majority, therefore, the Republicans consulted, and decided to do nothing until further consultation.

The mistake was in not perceiving that, when all the members of the Convention were fully convinced that their work could not be done in time for the election and that an adjournment was inevitable, further serious work, under the circumstances, was not to be expected. And what were the circumstances? In the first place, there was the general exhaustion and consequent half-indifference; in the second place, the imminence of party nominating conventions which would probably take away a quorum; and, thirdly, the fever of the party contest which had already begun, and which destroyed that tranquil frame of mind in which a great Constitutional work should be wrought.

The consideration that decided the caucus undoubtedly was the expectation founded upon assurances that the Democratic members would probably join if there were a little delay of the adjournment. But it was clear that if they were not ready to co-operate then they would not be ready at all. Whatever the individuals might think or say, the party necessity was imperative. And so it appeared upon the following day. There was general disappointment at the result of the caucus. The Democrats were vexed that the Republicans had not taken the whole responsibility, and the Republicans saw, too late, that they had vainly endeavored to avoid it. Both were posturing before an imaginary remorseless tyrant called "The People," who was sure not to see what every body saw, nor understand what every body understood. The truth is, that all that is necessary in the situation in which the Convention found itself is to suspend its work in such a manner and for such a time as seems wisest to it, provided only that it be done also in such time and manner that the people may fully understand the circumstances.

We hope, therefore, that before this paper is issued the Convention will have adjourned until early in the spring. Such an adjournment will cost the State no more, if the Legislature does not choose to increase the appropriation. The members will have time to learn the opinion of the whole State upon the sketch of a Constitution contained in the Reports of the Committees. They will come together taught by experience to make all possible haste, and a Constitution will be submitted to the people which is not the work of jaded minds, but of renewed energy and larger knowledge.

A NOTE FROM SPEAKER COLFAX.

In speaking of the circular against the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency, which has been very widely disseminated, we ventured to say that the effort to make it appear to be issued in the interest of Speaker Colfax was a gross slander upon that gentleman. The following note shows that we had not misapprehended him:

"South Bend, Indiana, *September* 14, 1867.

"My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for having anticipated my denial of any knowledge of the 16 Reasons Circular, as well as of any sympathy with its charges, in your editorial, which I have just seen. I am satisfied that it was the weak invention of an enemy, intended to create the impression which it did. But the suspicion by any Republican that I sympathized with it has been very annoying; and I am the more grateful that with your wide circulation you so kindly and promptly expressed your opinion.

"Respectfully yours, Schuyler Colfax.

"To the Editor of 'Harper's Weekly.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Ord, commanding the Fourth Military District, has forbidden assemblages of armed citizens, and requiring rebels returned from voluntary exile to report and be paroled.

General Ord has appointed a former slave and business-manager of Jeff Davis to be a Justice of the peace.

A negro judge presided at a recorder's court in New Orleans on September 18.

The colored majority in Charleston, South Carolina, is 1801.

The election in Virginia is to take place, according to General Schofield's order, on October 22; that in Georgia on October 29, 30, and 31.

The official vote of Tennessee is as follows:

Brownlow, Republican	74,484
Etheridge, Democrat	22,550
Brownlow's majority	51,934

NEWS ITEMS.

General Ben. F. Butler, in a speech at Saulsbury Beach, Massachusetts, on September 18, declared that before the Government could become perfect it must declare equality of rights for all men, equality of taxation, every one bearing his proportion of the debt, and equality of punishment for traitors.

Clement L. Vallandigham, in a speech at Defiance, Ohio, on September 20, declared the pensions and bounties to the soldiers to be a sacred public debt, and that the National Banks were gross swindles.

A most important right was ceded to an American Company by the Colombian Government on August 15. On the conditions of the payment of $1,000,000 in cash, and the annual payment of $250,000 rental, the Panama Railroad Company is granted the exclusive right for ninety-nine years to construct and run railroads and canals across the isthmus of Panama; thus controlling a great portion of the European and East India trade.

Senator Thayer of Nebraska, in a speech at Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 22, alluding to the statements which have been made of the arming in Maryland and other preparations of Mr. Johnson to resist Congress, declared, "upon his responsibility as a Senator of the United States, that to-day Andrew Johnson meditates and designs forcible resistance to the authority of Congress."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The "situation" in Italy would be laughable if it were not a matter of such serious importance. Garibaldi has begun in earnest his movement to overthrow the tyranny of the Pope and restore Rome to united Italy as its capital. Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, has proclaimed Garibaldi a "filibuster," while the Pope has denounced Victor Emanuel for selling the church lands outside of the Eternal City, and declaring the decrees null and void.

The late advances of the allied armies in Paraguay, which were heralded as a triumph over the Paraguayans, has turned out to be a very negative advantage to the allies. Humaity and Curapaity still hold out, and the allies are deep in the swamps of the Parana. The only change of note is the removal of the Marquias Copias, the former allied commander, and the succession of President Mitre of the Argentine Confederation to the chief command.

The body of Maximilian was delivered to the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff at the city of Mexico on September 7; and is now *en route* to Miramar.

THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and bay,
  Out of sight of tower and town,
An empty and a battered boat;
  But that boat would not go down.
The morning rose on the waters wide,
  And the night fell cold and dark,
Yet ever on with the wind and tide
  Drifted that battered bark.

The sail had passed from its broken mast,
  And its painted pride was dim;
The salt sea-weed clung round its bows,
  Which had been so sharp and trim.
Where were the merry mates and free
  Who had gone with it afloat
We never learned; but the world's wide sea
  Hath lives like that drifting boat—

Lives that in early storms have lost
  Anchor and sail and oar,
And never, except on Lethe's shore,
  Can come to moorings more;
Out of whose loveless, trustless days
  The hope and the heart have gone—
Good ships go down in the stormy seas,
  But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once;
  They had hands to reef and steer,
With a strength that would not stoop to chance,
  And a faith that knew no fear;
But the years were long and the storms were strong,
  And the rainbow-flag was furled,
And they that launched for the skies have grown
  But the drift-wood of the world.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

"It is not oratory—it is oratorio," said Dr. Bellows, describing a sermon of the preacher-poet, Robert Collyer. "He is a poet, artist, and singer in spite of himself. His broad, sweet soul has dived into the deeper truth of things, and when he speaks, as he always does, out of his experience, his dainty lips refuse all superfluous or unfit words, while tender, Burns-like images cluster round his thoughts, and his voice melts into a kind of song that, without the periods and pauses of ordinary speech, flows into the ear and heart with the effect of a fugue by Bach."

Rev. Mr. Collyer, of whom Dr. Bellows speaks, and a portrait of whom we give on this page, is one of the first preachers, one of the sweetest poets, and one of the most elegant orators in the country. He was born near Leeds, England, December 8, 1823, and at the age of 14 was apprenticed to a blacksmith. His thoughts were early turned into religious channels, and during the last year of his English life he frequently exhorted in Methodist meetings. After his arrival here in 1850 he preached regularly in the Methodist pulpits of the circuit, receiving during ten years' services a large return of grateful affection and enriching experience. During the last two years of his blacksmith life Mr. Collyer became acquainted with Lucretia Mott, the gifted Quakeress, and Dr. Furness, the well-known preacher and philanthropist, of Philadelphia. In 1859 he received an invitation to preach in the Unity Unitarian church at Chicago, and has since filled that position. With a natural perception of the beautiful, rare spiritual insight and tenderness mingled alike with sweetness and strength, he gives a freshness and glow to all subjects he touches. Both his thought and style are peculiarly rich and beautiful.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, OF UNITY CHURCH, CHICAGO.

THE BIBLE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Some of the most interesting and attractive departments of the late Paris Exposition—the Gospel Hall, Missionary Museum, Bible House, and other religious stands—have been hardly alluded to by the American papers. We give on this page an illustration showing the buildings devoted to the uses of the Protestants of all countries, and the manner in which the distribution of Bibles by the agents of the various American and English societies for the propagation of religion was effected.

Rev. Samuel I. Prime writing, on April 16, to the New York *Observer*, says of these buildings and this labor:

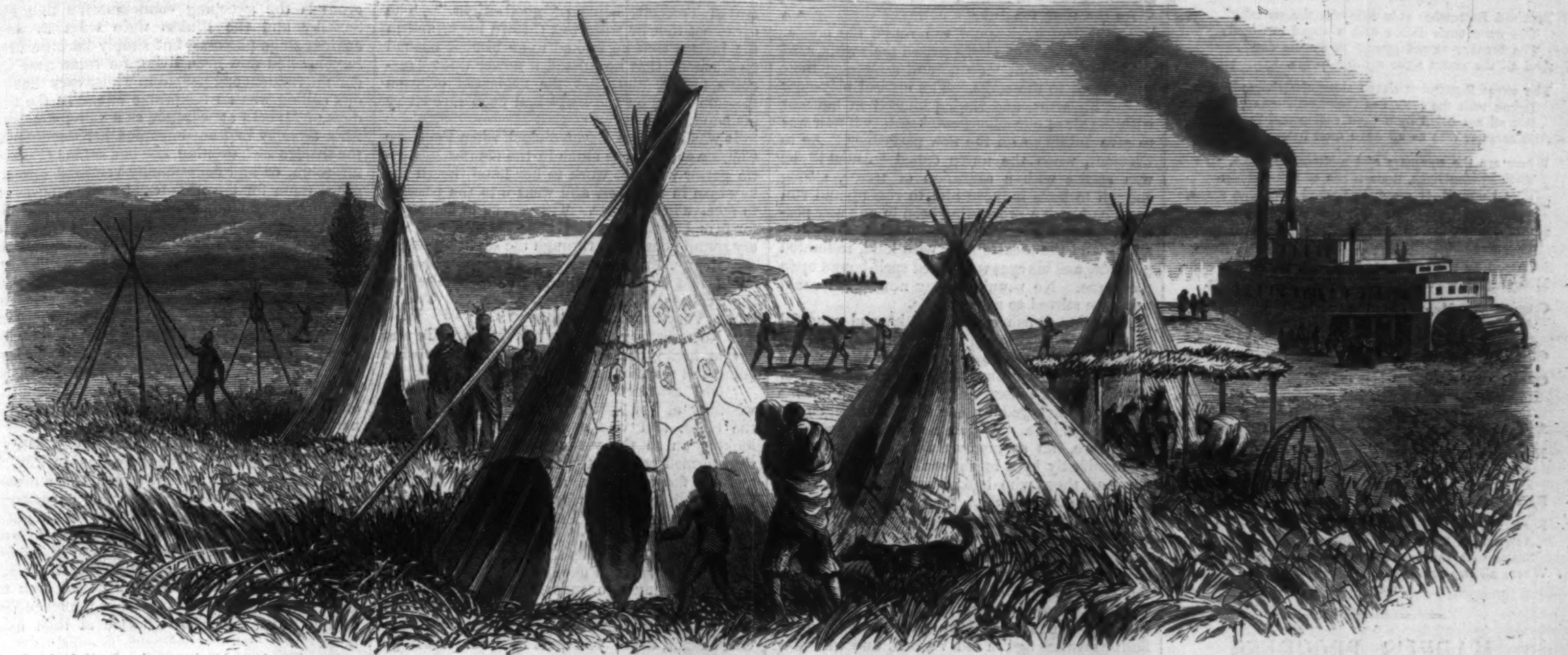
"Entering the Grande Porte, the chief gate of the Park, we are in the midst of many curious, picturesque, some outlandish and some splendid edifices, arranged with no arrangement, but stuck in here, there, and any where, to destroy all uniformity, and give that charming variety that marks all the plans of this world's bazar. On the right of the entrance is a range of buildings, devoid of external ornament or grace, devoted to the uses of Protestant Christians. Religious tracts are given away at the windows of the first, and a wandering Arab in full costume acts as a colporteur, and distributes others in all languages. Who he is I do not know. He is doubtless a converted Oriental who has been employed in this work because of his attractive dress and his pleasant manner, which give him easy access to all. An army of colporteurs are at the same good work continually. They have a prayer-meeting every morning, and then go out to sow the seed of the word among the multitudes. A great part of it is sure to fall among thorns and soon to be choked; some, it is hoped, will come to fruit.

"Then comes the Bible House full of unopened boxes—not a Bible yet ready for distribution or exhibition. Then comes the Missionary Museum. All the Protestant Missions of Europe have their cases filled with curiosities, and to these I will return. Then comes the 'Salle Evangelique,' the Gospel Hall, which yesterday was dedicated. It is a neat, plain building, to seat four hundred or more people; too sombre within in its coloring, but convenient for its purpose. A platform is across one end, a gallery in the other over the door, and a small room behind the platform. Notice had been given the day before in the Protestant Churches, and now the house was thronged. Every available spot was occupied, and many must have been unable to get in. Next Sabbath day there will be religious services at different times in the English, the German, and the French languages, and from day to day there will be meetings for prayer and conference—thus the 'Salle Evangelique' will be a Christian exchange for all nations while the Exposition lasts.

"It was built with the knowledge of the inevitable facts that the Palace will be more thronged on Sunday than any other day in the week; and however much we from the United States and they of England may desire it otherwise, the French would as soon think of closing their streets and squares on Sundays as a place of entertainment like the Great Exposition."

Since the above was written the labor has been begun and completed; the Bibles no longer remain boxed, but have been widely distributed. No official statement has been published of the result of these labors. The committee of the "Kiosque Biblique" have published a card in which they state that they have distributed more than 1,500,000 copies of the Bible in sixteen different languages. Of this number the French soldiers received about 50,000 copies; the remainder have been distributed among Jews, Arabs, Spaniards, Italians, French, and Russians.

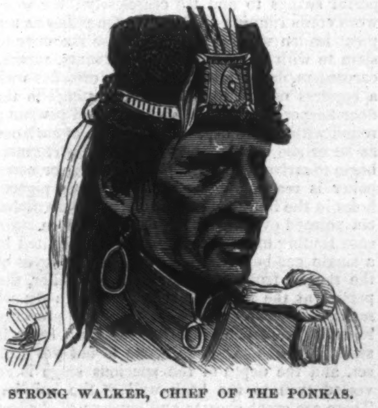
DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES AND TRACTS IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES BY PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



A VILLAGE OF THE SANTEE INDIANS NEAR FORT THOMPSON, MINNESOTA.—[SKETCHED BY J. D. HOWLAND.]

THE INDIAN COMMISSION.

WE have heretofore given full illustrated accounts of the warlike Indians of the Plains, and the war going on for their subjugation and removal to reservations more remote from the important lines of railroads now being built through



STRONG WALKER, CHIEF OF THE PONKAS.

Kansas and Colorado. In this issue our illustrations are of the more peaceable Indians of Dakota, and are designed to mark the progress of the Peace Commissioners who are trying to settle the war which, under General SHERMAN'S management, promised to continue indefinitely.

The present Peace Commission was authorized by Congress at its July session, after it became clearly apparent that General SHERMAN'S operations were effecting nothing. It consists of Hon. W. G. TAYLOR, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; JOHN B. SANBORN, of Minnesota; Senator JOHN B. HENDERSON, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs; SAMUEL F. TAPPAN, of Colorado; Lieut.-General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN; and Major-Generals WM. T. HARNEY and ALFRED H. TERRY. They are authorized to conclude a peace, settle all existing difficulties, and locate the various tribes on permanent reservations.

The members of the Commission met in St. Louis on August 6, and made arrangements for a fall trip. Runners were sent to call in the tribes in Nebraska and Idaho at Fort Laramie, Dakota, on Nov. 10; and the tribes in Kansas and Colorado at Fort Larned, Kansas, on Nov. 20. In the mean time the Commission started (August 13) up the Missouri River, in the steamer *Saint John*, and on August 19 held a council on the steamer, at Fort Thompson, with the head chiefs of the Ogllallas, Brules, and Yankton tribes of Sioux, and the Santee Indians.

Our illustrations are representations of this Council, a Village of the Santees, and portraits of Chiefs of the Poncas and Santee tribes. The latter tribe is the one which committed the Minnesota massacres of 1862, and BIG EAGLE, whose portrait we give, was one of the most prominent in that outrage. Mr. LINCOLN pardoned him, with several others, and he returned to his tribe, in which, though nominally deposed, he controls a powerful faction. BIG DRUM and STRONG WALKER are chiefs of the Poncas, a tribe now numbering about 900 souls. BIG DRUM is the "exquisite" of his tribe, and in the Council appeared very proud and vain of his head-gear. He has a nobler ambition than most dandies, few of them aspiring to look like any thing fiercer than a poodle; but BIG DRUM gets himself up to look as much like a buffalo as possible. He has put his whole mind on the subject, and has evidently succeeded to his own satisfaction.

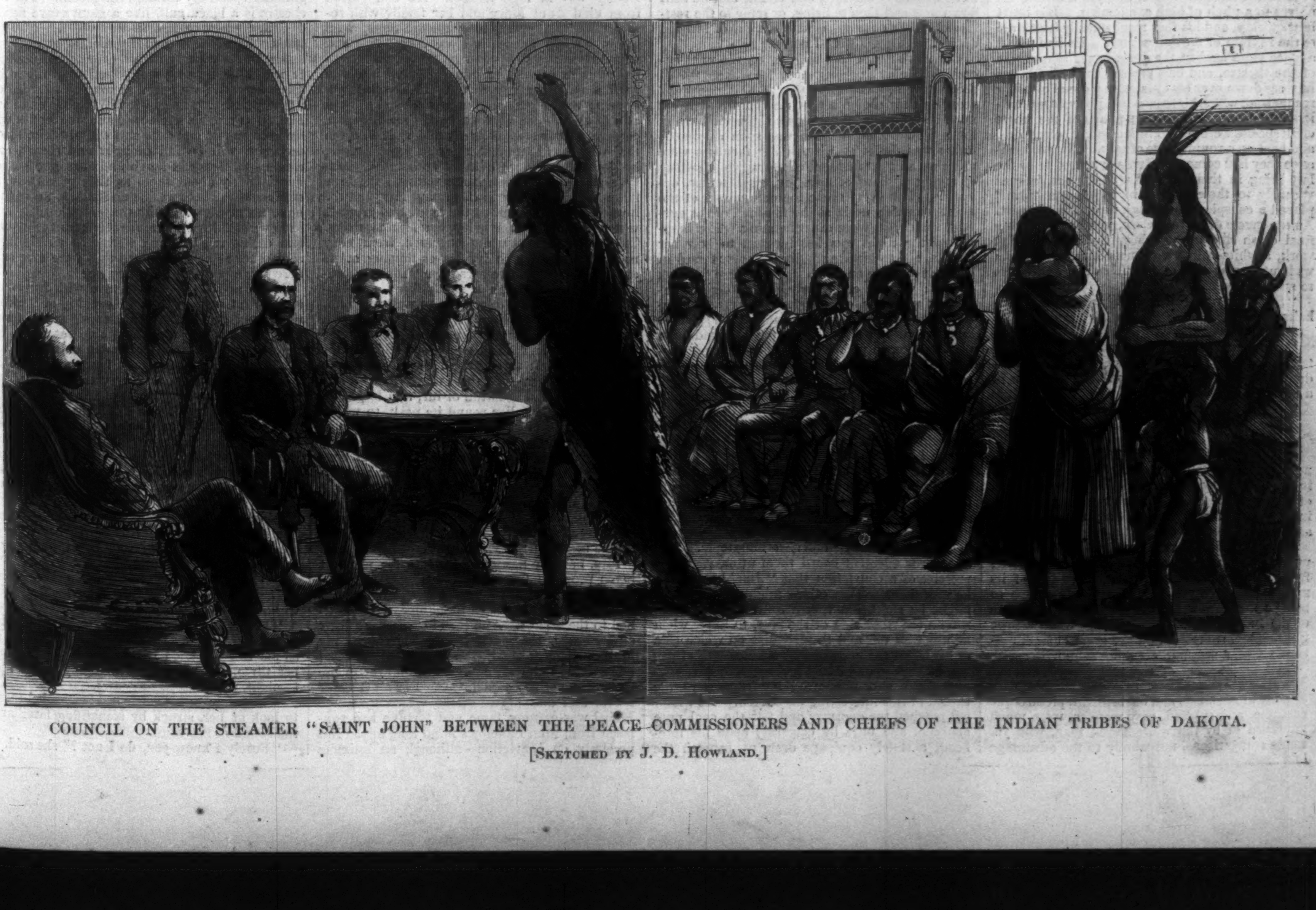
BIG EAGLE, CHIEF OF THE SANTEES.

All the speeches of these chiefs, and indeed all which the Commission have thus far listened to, have been composed solely of appeals for help during the coming winter. The Indians unite in saying that their crops have failed, that their agents have no money or supplies with which to aid them, and that they must again throw themselves on the clemency of their Great Fathers, by whom, one of them said, they meant "the white people of the country." These Indians have farms and do a little at farming; but it is evident that they are idle and shiftless, and unable to take care of themselves.

The original intention of the Commission was to have reached Fort Larned as early as October 20, and to have completed their labors very soon

BIG DRUM, CHIEF OF THE PONKAS.

thereafter; now the probability is that they will not be able to report to Congress until near the close of the ensuing winter session, or at least until it will be too late to devise any action for the mutual relief of Indians and settlers, and the proper legislation will have to be longer and indefinitely postponed.



COUNCIL ON THE STEAMER "SAINT JOHN" BETWEEN THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS AND CHIEFS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF DAKOTA.

[SKETCHED BY J. D. HOWLAND.]

A SEPTEMBER SONG.

The sad September gale sobs o'er the sea;
 The wave curls darkly with a sound of dread;
 The breaker moans around as for the dead;
And all the ocean sighs a dirge to me.

The sweet September sleeps along the shore,
 Drunk with the breath of thousand summer flowers;
 But all are faded from their greenwood bowers,
And summer dies as all have died before.

Where are the summers of ten thousand years,
 Their golden light, their tribes of living things
 That bloomed, or crept, or basked on silken wings,
Then perished with their cares, delights, and fears?

Where are the countless millions of green leaves,
 That budded, whispered green, then died in flame,
 Chased by the lonesome winds, till soft snows came,
Mourning in white—the hue when Nature grieves.

Gone, gone. Unnumbered summers, as the past,
 Ages of sunshine, fragrance, leaves, and bloom—
 O Earth, thy broad warm breast is still the tomb
Of all thy children, as of this, thy last.

Of all? Why then the joys the pangs of birth,
 Plowed with keen frosts, satiate with summer showers,
 Teeming with harvest's raptures through glad hours
And sun-bright months—to be a grave, O Earth?

Nay, not of all, O Earth: thy forms, though fair,
 Are but the moulds of clay for things of thought
 Fairer, diviner, lovelier than e'er wrought
By all the witchcraft of thy summer air.

For mind, though born on earth, as flowers are born,
 And taught by these thy hieroglyphics bright,
 Scales with thy love heaven's steeps of opal light,
Where all thy summers mix in endless morn.

Rev. George Lansing Taylor.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book V.

CHAPTER III.

A ROMEO INCOGNITO.

Clement, meanwhile, profoundly unconscious of the emotions of anger and curiosity he had excited in Mrs. Hutchins's breast, was strolling along the hot, dusty streets with some leisure on his hands which he did not well know how to dispose of. He had been to his office, and had found that the expected letters that he was to have answered had not been received. They could not now arrive until the following evening. He would have returned to Walter's lodgings, but his knowledge of his brother's habits forbade him to expect to find him at home so soon. He had turned westward, and was wandering on in a purposeless way, when his progress was arrested by a crowd assembled beneath a portico blazing with lights, and in front of which cabs and carriages kept drawing up in quick succession, and with a mighty clatter.

Looking at the building, toward which a steady tide of people was moving, his eye was caught by the words "Romeo and Juliet" in conspicuous letters. With a blind impulse, scarcely conscious of what he did, he entered the pit door with the stream, and in a few seconds had paid his money, and was pressing onward for a seat like the others.

The performance had commenced with a short, trifling piece, and the green curtain had just fallen, preparatory to rising on the tragedy. The band was playing a lively waltz, with much sharp clashing of cymbals, and metallic braying of wind instruments. The music was strangely out of tune with Clement's mood, and yet it strung his nerves to a pitch of high excitement. His heart beat quickly, and his foot mechanically kept time to the rhythm of the dance tune. He had found a place close against the dress-boxes at one side of the theatre, and had pressed the soft felt hat he wore down over his eyes, with a dread of being recognized, which his reason told him was groundless and absurd. Two young men of the smart clerk species were seated immediately before him, and kept up a running fire of talk. The performance they had come to witness appeared to be the last thing in their thoughts. Clement listened vacantly to their babble, in which one "Jim" played a conspicuous though unintelligible part. As the music drew to a close, winding up with a final crash like twenty tinsmiths' shops in full work, a white-haired man near him, seeing him without a play-bill, offered his own, and began to speak.

"Seen the noo Juliet, Sir?" asked the white-haired man.

"No."

"*Not* seen her? Ah! more have I. But I'll tell you what; I've seen Miss O'Neil, Sir, and I don't think we shall look upon *her* like again in a hurry."

Clement having nothing to say, said nothing.

"Much of a play-goer, Sir?"

"No."

"*Not* much of a play-goer? Ah! more am I, now. But I'll tell you what, Sir; I used to be in the *parmy* days—the good old times—the days of yore, Sir, as I call 'em, when acting *was* acting. Days of yore indeed, Sir; too truly yore, as I say."

The white-haired man continued to repeat the word "yore" with an unction apparently derived from his own very hazy comprehension of its meaning. Clement, feeling strongly averse to being drawn into a discussion on the present state of the British drama, was relieved when a little tinkling bell sounded, and the great curtain rose slowly with a rustling, creaking sound.

The first scenes of the play passed quietly. Mr. Alaric Allen, as Mercutio, was received with a burst of applause, and his brilliant, picturesque costume, and spirited, easy manner, were much approved of by the white-haired man, who yet made comparisons, not wholly to the advantage of the modern actor, between him and some forgotten celebrity of the "days of yore."

As the time for Juliet's entrance drew near a little thrill of excitement ran round the house. Even the two smart clerks ceased their whispered conversation about "Jim," and addressed their smug faces to the stage. The critical play-goer folded his arms, and settled himself in his seat with the air of one whose weighty duty it now was to give judgment on the new performer. As to Clement, when the nurse called "Juliet!" he was seized with a sensation of terror, strong enough to have induced him to rise up and run away had such a proceeding been in any way possible. But a moment more—a hush of expectancy—and the theatre rang with loud, reiterated plaudits, and his eyes were fixed spell-bound upon the stage. No running away now. He could not have stirred to save his life.

A slight, girlish creature, lithe and graceful of form, with a shining, pearly, satin robe falling around her in rich folds, whereon there was a delicious, ever-varying play of light and shade. A round, well-poised head, whose pure outline was well displayed by the simple arrangement of her dark hair. A face, not perfectly regular in feature, but so instinct with genius, lighted so manifestly by a bright soul within, as to impress all those who looked upon it with a sense of the highest beauty. The brow was candid and smooth; the eyes innocently vivacious as a child's. Only in the delicate mouth there was a suggestion of sadness; a little drooping curve that told of capacity for suffering, and hinted all the pathos and the passion which that bright countenance had power to express. This was Juliet—Juliet as she might have been seen in the flesh centuries ago in old Verona, and who now stood bowing with a sober, modest grace in acknowledgment of the loud greeting of a crowd of nineteenth-century Englishmen. Then there was silence, and she spoke.

There are voices that speak to the ear, and flatter the sense with sweetness, yet move one no more than the melodious tinkle of a musical-box. Other voices vibrate subtly through the hearer's heart, and steal upon his inmost sympathies. Such a voice was Juliet's, pure, fresh, thrilling; with, at times, a little natural tremor in its tone like the *shimmering* of the air on a sultry summer's day. Upon one hearer's heart, at least, that voice fell like sweet music, and thrilled it to the core. Was it pain or ecstasy to see her once again? To see her thus, beautiful, brilliant, wielding the sceptre of genius in her girlish hand, compelling all around to own its power for the moment, even though the spell were but of brief duration—and as far removed from *him* as the silver moon that was shining then above the flaring gas-lights of the theatre! He sat like one in a dream throughout the whole play. The white-haired man vainly tried to elicit his opinion of the new actress. The young clerks' prating fell unheeded on his ear. Once only was he aroused from his trance. It was when at the termination of the second act the door of a private box was thrown noisily open, and the sound attracting his attention, he involuntarily looked up and beheld the entrance of the new-comers. The next instant he started back and shrank down into the shade. In the front of the box sat Lady Popham, bewigged, bejeweled, bedizened after her manner, with the great gold eye-glass in full force. Near to her, with his back to the stage, sat Arthur Skidley, negligently scanning the house through an opera-glass. And behind her ladyship's chair, his pale handsome face and black hair relieved against the dark red lining of the box, lounged Alfred Trescott. His mood seemed to be unusually subdued and silent, and he bent down now and then to listen, or reply to the restless old lady's remarks, with a kind of languid deference that did not ill become him.

Clement's pulse beat quicker on the next occasion of Juliet's coming on to the stage. "Will she betray any consciousness of his presence?" was the first thought that flashed through his mind; and then he contemned himself bitterly for a fool. The question was soon answered. Juliet was Juliet still. All her faculties were absorbed in the portrayal of the varying, swiftly changing passions of love, joy, grief, terror, despair. With every scene the enthusiasm of the audience rose; until, at the final fall of the curtain, the cheers were overwhelming. The heroine of the night was led forward to bow her thanks, and to receive sundry bouquets tossed in quick succession on to the stage. These she took simply; without either exaggerated demonstrations of gratitude, or offensive indifference. Absence of affectation, indeed, marked all she did. As she left the stage, the actor who had been playing Romeo perceived one flower lying neglected—a crimson camellia of great beauty—and seemed about to return for it, but she held back his hand, and with a last low courtesy, disappeared. Clement rose to go with a dizzy throbbing head, and eyes dimmed with tears, that the pathetic close of the marvelous love-story had drawn from him. A stream of people poured out of the theatre pell-mell. The white-haired man (who had been blubbering unrestrainedly behind a yellow pocket-handkerchief) now asserted himself by much severe criticism and allusions to the "days of yore." The young clerks had returned to their one absorbing topic. The last words Clement heard them utter, were expressive of a conviction that "Jim" knew what he was about. That others might be wrong, or might be right, but that "Jim" was safe "to run on the right side of the post, to know when he was well off, and to recognize on which side of his bread the butter lay." Shakspeare's tragedy of Romeo and Juliet had apparently caused but slight and temporary interruption to the thread of this interesting discussion. As Clement reached the doorway and felt the cool pure air (cool and pure by contrast) upon his forehead, a stately equipage drew up beneath the portico. Into it, escorted by her great-nephew, skipped Lady Popham. On the pavement stood Alfred Trescott, bowing "good-night." The over-coat that he wore was thrown back, and in the instant that he looked upon him, it flashed on Clement that he missed a flower from Trescott's breast, and that the neglected crimson blossom lying on the stage had been thrown by his hand.

It was long past eleven o'clock when Penelope Charlewood, sitting alone in the comfortless little parlor with her work in her hand, heard the key turn in the door, and went into the passage to receive her brother. They spoke in whispers, for Mrs. Charlewood had gone to rest, and every sound penetrated through the slight building.

"Penny, I'm so sorry you sat up, my dear."

"I had to sit up, Clem, to finish stitching these collars. This is the last of the set. You're late. Very busy at the office?"

"No; not very. I went to Watty's. He was not at home, but I left a note to say he *must* come and see mother to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Penelope, dryly. Then she looked wistfully at her brother. He had drawn back the blind, and was standing by the window, looking on to the waste ground, mysteriously transformed beneath the moonlight. "You are awfully fagged, Clem, and so pale! Or is it the moonlight on your face? No; you do look shockingly harassed. I'm sure you are worrying yourself about those anonymous letters. Shake it off, Clem. Why don't you good people have faith in the power of goodness?"

"No, Penny; no, indeed, my dear girl, it is not that. It is—I—I do feel a little fagged. But I don't need or deserve so much sympathy. Good-night, dear; you must be tired. I will go to bed at once."

"Ah!" said Penelope to herself, lying wakefully in her bed, "he can't deceive me. I know Clem so well. Every tone of his voice, every trick of his face; and I am *sure* he has been bothering himself about Watty and those letters!"

No. The locked, silent chambers of her brother's brain kept their secret even from her keen scrutiny. Walter might never have been born, and the anonymous letters never written, for all the part they were playing in Clement's thoughts. What were the visions that flitted through the hot head he laid upon his pillow?

A shining satin dress; a pale, passionate face leaning down from a high quaint balcony; a white-robed figure huddled hopelessly upon the ground, with its dark hair streaming over the breast of a dead lover. And then a solitary crimson flower lying unheeded on the stage, and the sweeping flow of long trailing garments, as their wearer bowed "farewell."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Mabel Earnshaw lived with her mother and Dooley in a pleasant house in one of the most sequestered of the Highgate lanes. Her great and assured success, surpassing even the expectations of those who most highly estimated her talent—for, as Mr. Alaric Allen said, "there's a certain element of chance in these things always, and if you miss fire at the first attempt the public seldom has leisure to allow you a second trial-shot"—had enabled her to take this pretty residence, to surround her mother with many long-disused luxuries, and to enjoy the happiness of seeing her little brother frolicking on a green lawn instead of being mewed up in the small, close rooms of their Dublin lodgings. Dooley was in high delight. He had parted from kind Aunt Mary and her family with regret, and had particularly missed Jack, with whom he had formed a close friendship, and whose versatile talents had impressed him deeply. But to be with mamma and Tibby was in itself a balm for any sorrows Dooley had yet known; and when, after a few weeks' sojourn at a London hotel, he was taken to the Highgate cottage, embowered in trees, and shut in from the noisy world by thick, fragrant green hedges, his joy and excitement knew no bounds. Mabel's face grew bright as she watched the little fellow's eager interest in all around him, and the investigations throughout the house and grounds which his spirit of inquiry led him to make. There was a small white-curtained, fresh, cozy nest of a room, with ivy leaves tapping at its casement, that was reserved for "Master Julian." And there was a ruddy-faced country-girl standing at the door of it to welcome him, who ran and caught him in her arms, and hugged him, and laughed and cried altogether, and who proved to be the faithful Betty, secretly sent for from Hazlehurst to surprise him. And in the kitchen there was—yes, there was indeed—a kitten; smooth and beautiful of fur, and bright of eye, and with a collar round its neck, to which a little bell was fastened that jingled cheerfully. "She are a very nice pussy-kitten," said Dooley, stroking her, with a thoughtful face. "A bootiful pussy-kitten; but I *tan't* love her quite so much as my own old pussy-kitten, tan I, Tibby? Because my own old pussy-kitten was *so* sorry when I did go away. And dis little pussy-kitten has never been sorry. And I must love de sorry one best, mustn't I, Tibby?"

Mrs. Saxelby nestled down into the pleasant home provided for her with child-like satisfaction. Her natural taste, and love of refinement and beauty in all her surroundings, were gratified to the utmost. And then her mother's heart exulted with the proud thought, "This is my Mabel's doing! All these good things represent her energy, industry, and genius, and the public recognition of those qualities." For all trace of horror and disapproval of the means by which Mabel was earning fame and fortune had vanished from Mrs. Saxelby's mind long ago. Not precisely on conviction—although an intimate knowledge of Mary Walton's life and home might have sufficed to modify on strictly logical grounds the sweeping condemnation that Mr. Saxelby and the Flukes were wont to utter against stage-players—but simply because Mrs. Saxelby had now been living for some time under the influence of people in whose eyes the actor's calling was an honorable one. In the first days of Mabel's appearance as a London actress Mrs. Saxelby had accompanied her daughter to the theatre each evening, and had sat in her dressing-room, or had occasionally ventured into the green-room for ten minutes at a time, never remaining there an instant after Mabel had quitted it for the stage. But for a day or two preceding Clement Charlewood's unpremeditated visit to the Thespian Theatre Mrs. Saxelby had been suffering from a slight cold and sore-throat, which made it desirable for her to avoid exposure to the night air. Therefore Mabel had driven to the theatre for several evenings with no other escort than the faithful Betty, who came provided with a large worsted stocking to knit. Betty had never sufficiently got over her awe and admiration of the glittering stage-garments to venture upon handling them. As to acting the part of lady's-maid to her young mistress, that was entirely out of the question. But there was, luckily, no need of her services in that respect, for a dresser belonging to the theatre, a woman experienced in her business, was in attendance each night in "Miss Bell's" room. On the evening succeeding that spoken of in my last chapter Mabel and her somewhat uncouth-looking Abigail, the rustic ruddiness of whose cheeks defied even the glare of the gas-lights, arrived at the stage-door of the Royal Thespian Theatre at their usual hour.

The interior of a theatre by daylight is always taken to be a strange anomalous scene; but I doubt whether the same scene, just before the hour of opening the doors to the public in the evening, be not in its way as singular to an unaccustomed eye, and equally far from revealing any promise of the bright pictures to be presently exhibited to the many-headed now waiting outside in the summer evening sunshine.

There is a bustle and a constant succession of arrivals at the stage door, it is true. That dingy portal swings to and fro ceaselessly; the well-worn cords running swiftly over the pulley as the great leaden weights fall and cause the door to slam to with a creaking jar. Servants, supers, carpenters, dressers, scene-shifters, crowd in with a careless nod or hasty "good-evening" to the door-keeper, who sits in his own small pen hung round with play-bills, and takes note of each one as he or she enters. By-and-by the performers begin to arrive, and occasionally a letter or newspaper is reached down from the little pigeonholes in the hall, each with a letter of the alphabet painted over it. The narrow wooden staircase leading up to the stage is feebly lighted by a single gas-burner. The various employés of the theatre troop up it one after the other, dispersing at the top each to his separate department—scene-room, dressing-room, property-room, or wardrobe. But on the great stage itself all is silence. The scene is not yet quite set, and the depth of the spacious stage is revealed even to the back wall of the building. There are great chasms and caverns of shadow, for the theatre is not entirely lighted up, nor the gas turned on to its full power. The front of the house is vast and ghostly, with a ray of light shining in here and there from the lobbies through the half-open box doors. The dingy holland covers that shield the gilding and velvet from dust still drape the wide semicircle like a pall, and glimmer spectrally through the gloom. The orchestra is a black gulf, like a giant grave newly dug, and yawning just in front of the crimson stalls. Up above in the lofty roof the great chandelier looms vaguely with an undefined outline. It might be floating self-poised over the wide space beneath for aught that can be discerned of its supports. By-and-by it will sparkle and flash like an enormous diamond, and the boxes will shine in scarlet and gold and white. The black orchestra will be full of light and sound, and careless fiddlers will laugh and chat, and glance nonchalantly about them as they tune their instruments. There will be no shadow, no vagueness, no mystery. Only the great canvas act-drop will shut out the audience from the actors, and divide two realms differing as widely from each other as any kingdoms that were ever sundered by a political boundary line!

Mabel arriving at the theatre with her country servant on this especial evening of which I write, and going into her dressing-room, found it lighted up, and the toilet-table set forth, but the woman who usually attended on her was not there. She began to dress, however, with Betty's assistance (rendered very tremblingly, and with an overpowering sense of her own unfitness for the task), and it was not long before a tap at the door announced the arrival of the dresser. "Come in, Davis," said Mabel. But it was not Davis who entered. The person who came into the room bearing a large shallow open basket containing Juliet's satin train, was a tall woman in a bright print gown, the body and skirt of which had parted company in sundry places. She had an elaborate gilt comb in her tow-colored hair, and was extremely smart, but not extremely clean.

"Is Davis not here to-night?" asked Mabel, seeing the unexpected figure in the looking-glass, without turning her head.

"No, miss; she is not, miss. Davis is bad with influenzy, and the housekeeper has sent me as her substitoot. I dresses the ladies in number three, miss, but there's nobody in my room to-night, so—"

While the woman was speaking Mabel turned to look at her, struck by something familiar in the sound of her voice.

"Surely I know you, do I not?" she said.

"Oh yes, miss. Most *unconvertibly* you know me, sure enough! Hammerham, miss."

"To be sure!" cried Mabel, into whose cheeks a tide of recollections caused a bright color to mount and then to fade as quickly. "I remember you now quite well. You are Mrs. Hutchins. But how strange to find you here!" she added, wonderingly. For Miss Fluke had not failed to sing loud pæans over Mrs. Hutchins's conversion from novel reading, and such like iniquities, and to hold her up as a bright example of the admirable results of her own eloquence. Indeed, Mrs. Hutchins had been at one time a kind of recruiting sergeant under that spiritual Amazon; and had harried her neighbors and friends in the good cause with much zeal. During the progress of Mabel's toilet Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to give a voluble account of the causes that had led to her leaving Hammerham. In the financial crash which had ruined great houses, little ones had suffered also. Mr. Hutchins was suddenly thrown out of work by the failure of his employer, and was glad to be taken on temporarily by the head carpenter of the Hammerham theatre. Thence—being a sober, steady man who knew his business—he got to London; his friend, the theatrical head carpenter, having procured him a situation. "Hutchins was at a East-End house at first, miss," said Mrs. Hutchins, winding up her recital. "But we've been at the Thespian now goin' on for three months. I had long been wishful of getting some ockypation for myself. And hearing of a dresser being wanted here I applied, and the housekeeper she conferred the vacation upon me immediate."

It was odd to see how Mrs. Hutchins's old passion for the high-flown and romantic had survived the Flukian era, and was still strong and vigorous. Only her affections had been transferred from Rosalba of Naples and that interesting sisterhood to the heroines of the drama. Mrs. Hutchins generally had in her pocket a small paper-covered book—one of the gems of Cumberland's acting edition, or Mr. Lacy's more modern dramas. And these she devoured in the old manner that belonged to her; a manner that may, perhaps, be characterized as the slatternly-sentimental. Betty, knitting away at her stocking, regarded Mrs. Hutchins from time to time with a stare of stolid surprise. I have done but scant justice to that good lady's narrative. As given by herself it was embellished with many rhetorical flourishes and elegant flowers of quotation. After Mabel had left the room Mrs. Hutchins still lingered; trifling with the toilet articles, arranging the dressing-case that needed no arrangement, and so forth. Betty watched her shy and glum behind her stocking.

"Been with Miss Bell long?" asked Mrs. Hutchins, with airy condescension.

"Ah; a goodish bit."

"Nice young person, ain't she?"

"*What?*"

"A—a—pleasant young—lady, I say; ain't she?"

"Yes, she is."

Betty's manner was unpromising; almost threatening. Mrs. Hutchins changed her tactics.

"You are not a Londoner, are you?"

"No; I ben't."

"Indeed! Well, no more ain't I. I come from Hammerham myself. Ah, deary me! To look upon what I have seen when I sees what I do see! Miss Bell and me was acquainted in old days."

"*Was* you?"

"Oh laws yes! And me and others was acquainted too. Only yesterday I seen a old friend of Miss Bell's. She didn't go by the name of Bell when I first knowed her. But *you* know what's in a name, don't you?"

"No; what?" demanded the literal Betty.

"Oh, nothing. *He's* a instance of the ups and downs of life. I've knowed the time when him or any of his family might have ate banknotes betwixt bread-and-butter. And now a two-pair back is his sphere of action. Well, there's no making silk purses out of sow's ears. The Charlewoods was sprung up out of the kennel. There's a deal in blood, *I* think."

Betty's face had relaxed from its rigidity. There was a sparkle of curiosity in her eye. But with rustic cunning that was wary of Mrs. Hutchins's town-bred cuteness she asked no point-blank question. "I heerd as they'd come to London," she said, clicking her knitting-needles.

"Oh, you know the family, then?"

"By hearsay. I was born and bred nigh to Hammerham, and every body knowed the Charlewoods there. Gandry and Charlewood they were called. I used to think, when I was little, as it was all one name."

Then Mrs. Hutchins leaned her folded arms on the dressing-table and poured forth a flood of gossip. She related all she had heard from the lodging-house servant, and colored the tale with a warmth and boldness that ought to have made her fortune in half-penny numbers. Poor Clement! Had there been any truth in the saying how his ears must have tingled! Mrs. Hutchins did not spare him. Her rancor seemed strangely disproportioned to his offense. But mean minds are apt to expend more spite on slights than on injuries. There is some dignity in being injured; but a trifling offense, of which the offender is unconscious, envenoms petty malignity. Betty listened stolidly. She was surprised and puzzled, but at the base of her cogitations was a rooted distrust of the glib Mrs. Hutchins; the kind of instinctive suspicion that a dog or a child might feel.

The meeting with the Hammerham landlady was not the only surprise destined for Mabel that evening.

Mr. Alaric Allen prided himself on the strictness with which he enforced the prohibition against admitting strangers behind the scenes of his theatre. But there were nevertheless a few exceptions made in favor of literary men, dramatic authors, critics, and so forth. Occasionally, too, at rare intervals, an idle good-humored fine gentleman gained admission. Such persons would subject themselves to unheard of snubbings and humiliations, and to yet more intolerable patronage in order to gain the privilege of passing an hour behind the scenes of the Thespian Theatre. It is to be feared that the end when gained was scarcely satisfactory. An idle man in a crowd of workers is never at his ease. And it was a spectacle to awaken pity in the feeling breast to behold a courteous, amiable person, a peer of the realm it might be, or "curled darling" of drawing-rooms, with a vacant uneasy smile on his face, pushed about by surly, scowling scene-shifters, sternly hushed down by the prompter, driven hither and thither, getting into difficulties with "set pieces," tripping over black coils of gas-pipe, scraping his glossy evening coat against whitewashed walls, and finding every body (from the call-boy upward) too much occupied to spare any attention for his civil little speeches! Now and then there might come a lull between the acts, when the principal performers sat and chatted in the green-room. Then the visitor, perhaps, would have a chance of exchanging half a dozen words with Lady Teazle or Rosalind; or of complimenting Coriolanus on his "admirable performance." The great tragedian meanwhile answering very civilly, and very much at random, with his eyes fixed on the large psyche mirror, rearranging the classic folds of his toga, and mentally debating whether his wig had the right Roman severity of outline. Perhaps the true gust and enjoyment of the thing came afterward, when the fortunate visitor would carelessly allude to "the other evening when I was behind the scenes at the Thespian, you know. Ever been behind the scenes? Not easy to get in *there*, but it's awfully good fun."

Mabel, entering the green-room with the unexpected encounter with Mrs. Hutchins fresh in her mind, was accosted by a gentleman whom she already knew slightly; a well-known musical critic. Behind him stood a young man in full evening costume, who made Mabel a profound bow. There was another man in the room who stood leaning on the mantle-piece, with his face turned away.

"Allow me to present my friend, Captain Skidley," said the musical critic—a fussy, pompous personage—introducing the young man who had bowed. Then, turning and touching the other man on the shoulder, he went on: "I think you two have met before. Miss Bell, Mr. Alfred Trescott."

ONCE ON A TIME.

OH, it was in the summer weather;
Her hand in mine we walked together
Through fields where bloomed the purple clover;
And I was her accepted lover,
Once on a time.

The sky shone brightly blue above us;
The yellow sunshine seemed to love us—
To love us both as we together
Strolled on amid the summer weather,
Once on a time.

The happy birds were blithely singing;
With music all the air was ringing;
With youth and hope our hearts were beating,
The oft-told tale of love repeating,
Once on a time.

Through sun and shade our pathway tended,
With loitering steps the way we wended,
It was so sweet to walk together
Amid the golden summer weather,
Once on a time.

Nowhere were lovelier roses blowing
Than those that on her cheek were glowing—
Nowhere was goldener sunlight sifted
Than through that curl the light wind lifted,
Once on a time.

The sky above us seemed no bluer,
The earth we trod to me not truer
Than her soft eyes that, my eyes meeting,
Answered with love's unuttered greeting,
Once on a time.

Now sad and low the winds are calling;
The faded autumn leaves are falling;
And years have flown since we together
Walked the green fields in summer weather,
Once on a time.

A word, a look, and Love lay dying;
Ah! little use is there in sighing;
Sorrow and joy alike are fleeting,
Then cease, my heart, cease thy repeating
"Once on a time."

CHARITY *versus* SLIPPERS.

"YES, rest is a great blessing, particularly when well earned; and certainly, if there is one thing conducive to rest, it is a pair of comfortable slippers."

Be it known that I was addressing no one in particular, unless, indeed, my slippered feet, as they towered above me on the mantle-piece, could be supposed to constitute a listener. I think it is as well to explain that I am not in the habit of elevating my toes in our favorite American fashion, or indeed of compromising in any way the dignity of a fashionable clergyman; but now and then I indulge myself a little, and on this particular day I had been performing my Christmas charitable duties with a zeal which I thought deserved reward. This by the way.

"Yes," I continued, with no small satisfaction, "if ever I discharged my yearly duties aright I have done so to-day, and that with great bodily and mental fatigue. I think my Christmas text will be, 'But the greatest of these is Charity.' I could preach feelingly on those words."

"Rubbish!"

"Eh!" and I stared round the room; but nothing unusual met my gaze save the waxy Christmas rose that my little daughter had placed on the table to gladden the eyes of papa. "Rubbish, indeed!" I echoed, indignantly. "I wonder what can have put such a notion into my head. Rubbish! I only wish my hearers may follow their pastor's example. There will be no lack of charity then."

"Nonsense!"

There was no mistake about it this time, and as I again glanced at the innocent-looking flower I perceived a little wretched sprite in yellow attire nodding and grimacing at me from behind its white petals. "Pray, Sir," quoth I, rather testily, "what may you be pleased to term 'nonsense?'"

"Your charity," and he grimaced again.

"Indeed! Perhaps you do not like good works?"

"Excuse me, I was merely insinuating that what you term charity is not the genuine article."

I felt myself getting rather hot. "Perhaps you would favor me further with your opinions," I retorted, with terrible irony.

"Certainly. I am Charity's clerk, looking after her interests, and I don't consider that they flourish in your part of the world. You may have been doing your duty, but as for Charity—ugh!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

I was too astonished to speak, so he continued.

"Charity, indeed! Was it charity that induced you to hand over a larger gift than usual to the F.'s, because they lived in a dissenting neighborhood, and could land to advantage the Church's liberality? Or, again, was it charity that made you dole out a smaller bounty to Widow B. and her family, because you suspected her of prejudice in favor of the Methodists? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind'—was it charity, then, which made you neglect N., whose son was so uncivil to you? Or, again, was it charity which made you forget Mrs. A., who lives such a long way off from that bazar where you stepped in to buy some things for your children?"

"Really," I stammered, with blushing consciousness, "I could not forget my family. 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But it does not end there," quoth my mentor; "and 'Charity seeketh not its own'—that is Scripture, and your quotation was not."

"But I really forgot Mrs. A. and N. I regret it extremely."

"Do you? Then why don't you start off at once to amend your errors?"

"Really," I remonstrated, the mere suggestion sounding most unpleasantly—"really, I am quite exhausted with my day's work;" and I looked wistfully at my slippers, and the said slippers, encasing my feet, looked placidly at their owner from their marble resting-place.

"Exhausted! Very likely; so are N. and A., and L., with all his little children, who will not taste meat on Christmas-day if you don't go to him."

"But I can go to-morrow," I groaned.

"Not at all. To-morrow you have to superintend your children's Christmas treat, after writing your sermon. Think of L.'s little children, with no treat at all, not even the natural one of food! Go at once."

I thought of my own happy little ones, and I reluctantly thrust my feet into walking boots, preparatory to departing on my charitable expedition; but, a few minutes later, my hall door was slammed in a very uncharitable fashion.

I wonder by whom!

I was very cold and tolerably cross when I returned to my study, and to my fire, which had dwindled down to its last embers, and to my much-esteemed slippers, which last, toasting cozily on the rug, looked far more comfortable than their owner. Nevertheless, I settled myself in my arm-chair with the agreeable satisfaction of a man worn-out in the performance of his duty, and who feels that, come what may, none can reproach him; and forthwith I began to soliloquize on the ingratitude of some of my poor people. "There," I reflected, "was John A., who only greeted me with black looks, as if my advent were a bore; and B. took the relief as a matter of course. As for that garrulous widow N., I thought I should never hear the end of her long complaints; not a thought as to my bodily fatigue in ministering to their wants. The only one who at all appreciated my doings was Mrs. P., the Irishwoman, who compared me to the Angel of Mercy—flattery, no doubt, but still very pleasant to a frame wearied in the exercise of charity."

"Hum," quoth my little friend, peering over the petals of my rose.

"So you are still there, my small mentor? Well, you may have your say now without incommoding me, as you can certainly not now reproach me with a want of charity."

"Oh, indeed!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Well, and pray what have you to object to now?" and I settled myself back haughtily. "I am sure I have been very busy carrying out your injunctions. Pray what is troubling your mind now respecting my proceedings?"

"Not much. I was only remembering, 'Charity seeketh not its own.'"

"And of course I was seeking my own while plodding about those weary streets! You are remarkably cool in your conclusions."

"You were seeking praise."

"I!"

"Yes; praise from those you ministered to."

"I dare say," I replied, sharply, feeling all the more nettled that I could not deny the fact. "Perhaps, if you were tired to death, you would not object to a little sympathy."

"It was not sympathy you wanted—it was praise."

"You are a little demon; and I have done with you," I retorted, as I whirled my chair round, with my back to the tiny monitor.

"Demon or not," urged the voice behind me, "demon or not, I have not done with you. Do you hear your children shouting over their work in the next room?"

"Yes; they are preparing their Christmas-tree for to-morrow."

"Why are your brother's children not with them?"

"My brother's children!" I faced angrily the impertinent questioner. "Perhaps, since you know so much about my affairs, you are aware that my brother and I have not spoken for years."

"Yes."

"And pray what do you mean by asking why his children are not with mine?"

"Are you going to let another Christmas pass, and enter upon a new year, without making up that quarrel?"

"Make it up? It is more his doing than mine. Let him make it up; I have no objections."

"He is the offended; and you may be sure he will not come forward."

"He ought to."

"You have not to concern yourself with his duty, but with your own. Go at once to him, and strive to make up the breach."

"I have no such intention," I replied, sulkily; "it is not my place."

"And yet you are a clergyman, and intend preaching a sermon upon charity! Shame upon you. That is not charity."

"It is—the highest."

"'Charity thinketh no evil,' says the book you ought to know well. 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind.'"

"I am sure I suffered long."

"'Charity beareth all things.'"

"Dear me. I am sure I have borne long."

"Yes, but not forgivingly."

"Well, if I were to attempt a reconciliation, I am sure Tom would frustrate my intentions; he would be most unwilling to make it up."

"'Charity hopeth all things.'"

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Every thing, if you are wishing to practice the virtue."

I mused: "Well, it is worth trying. I shall think of it to-morrow."

"To-morrow has plenty of work of its own; and first and foremost, that said sermon on charity."

"Ah, well; I can see about it next week."

"Then you will have lost the opportunity of a Christmas reconciliation."

"What matter, so long as a reconciliation *is* effected?"

"Did you never hear that 'procrastination is the thief of time?'"

"Well, I certainly can not think of going out to-night."

"You can if you choose."

"I can't if I don't choose."

"No, certainly not. Hark!"

It was my wife and children trying over their new Christmas chant, and the sweet voices rang out to the notes of the harmonium. I felt the sacred words echo through my heart, "On earth peace, good-will toward men."

Good-will, ah! and with a sudden determination I seized my hat, and again departed on an errand of duty.

Our friends are always more ready for a reconciliation than we fancy. Need I say that my long-estranged brother greeted me with open arms, that his wife received me warmly, and that before half an hour was passed there were little ones climbing on the knee of their new uncle?

An hour later I was telling my wife of the additional guests to be at our party.

"Your brother?" she said, greatly startled; "you don't mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to him?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, with a proud loving look, "you are a saint!"

I knew it was the partial commendation of an affectionate wife, but still it greeted my ears pleasantly. "At least, I try to be," I said, as I re-entered my study; "I try to be, and I trust success may attend me. Well, small one, are you satisfied?" This to the sprite in the flower.

"Not quite."

"What in the world do you want now?" I cried, quite aghast.

"The most difficult thing of all—that you should not make such speeches, or think such thoughts, as those of a moment ago."

"Eh?"

"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

A pang of remorse twitched me, and almost for the first time in my life I uttered a fervent prayer for humanity.

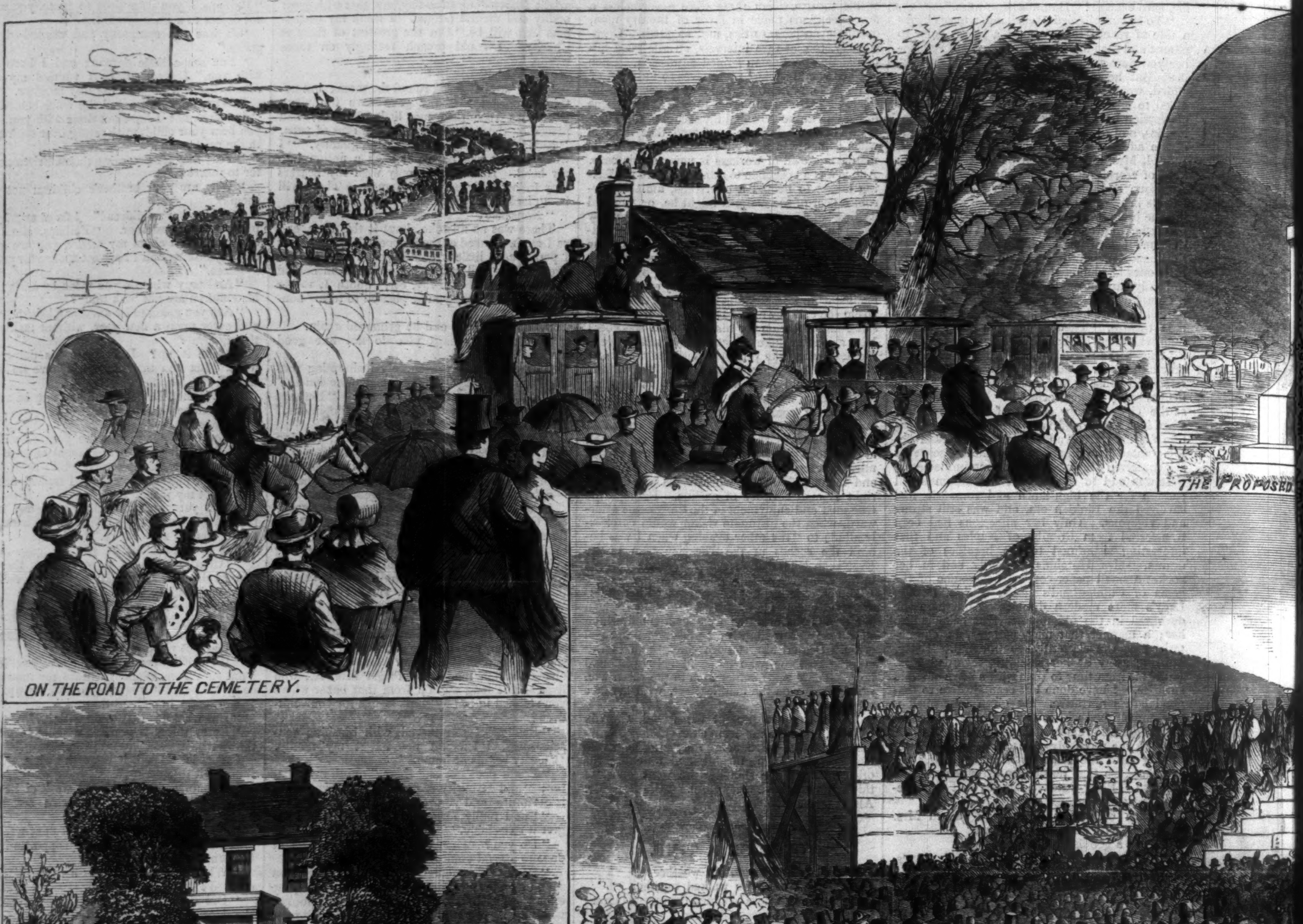
It was a very merry party next evening, and we elders watched with delight our children gamboling round the gift-laden tree, but amidst all our glee the true words of my little mentor forced themselves on my thoughts.

"James," said my wife to me late in the evening, "I forgot to ask you what your text for to-morrow is?"

"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

She looked puzzled a moment. "Well," she said, "it is a very good text, and one to which I am sure you can do justice."

"Can I?" Next day I was complimented on my sermon. I trust that one of the most earnest listeners was the preacher.



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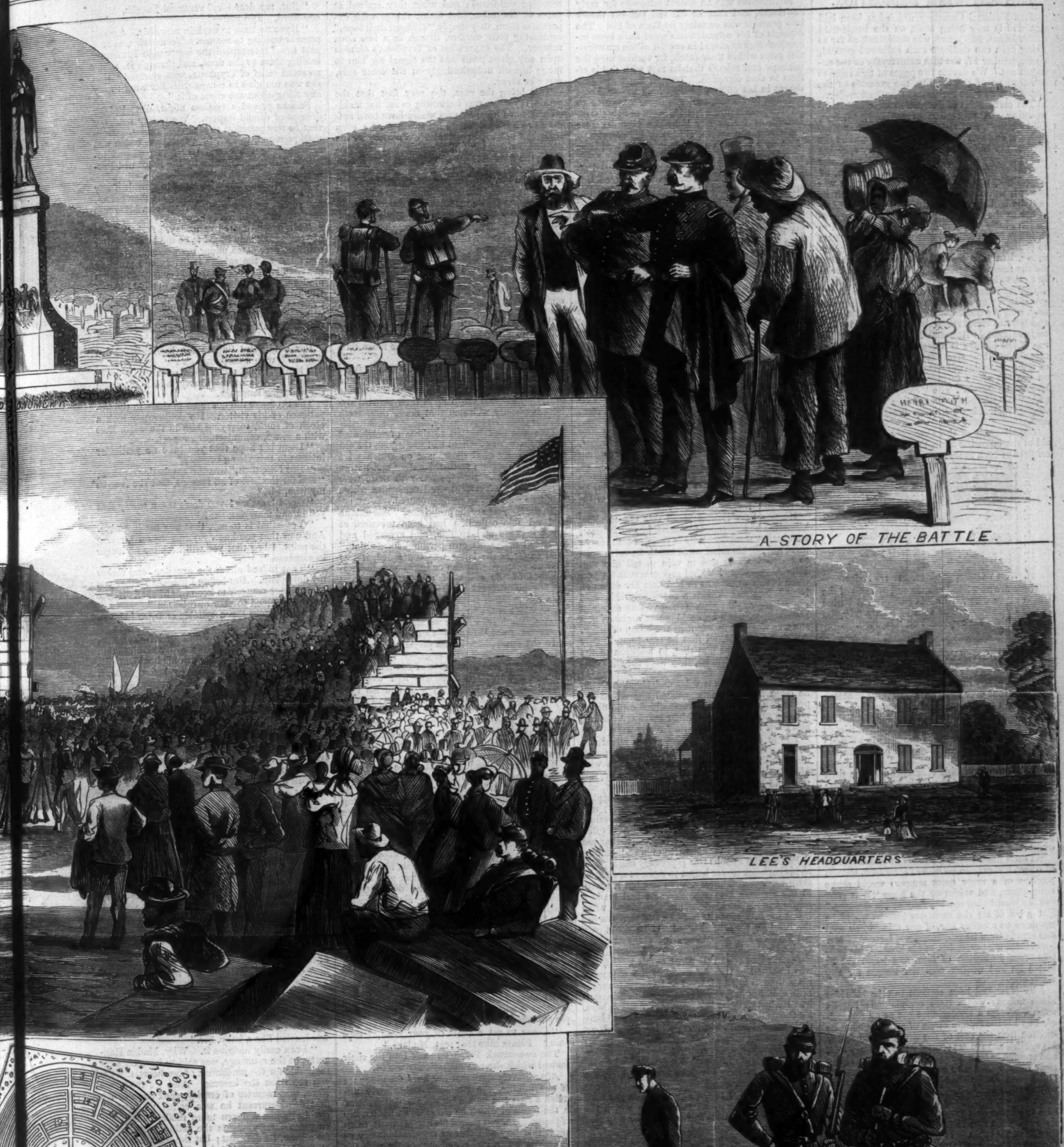


E BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.—Sketched by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 634.]

THE ANTIETAM DEDICATION.

The National Cemetery which has been laid out, and is now being built, on the battle-field of Antietam, Maryland, was dedicated, as far as living man can dedicate such hallowed ground, on September 17, the fifth anniversary of the engagement. We devote two pages of this issue to illustrations of the locality, the grounds of the Cemetery, and the incidents of dedication-day.

The ceremonies of dedication were highly interesting. A procession of military, Masons, Odd Fellows, and citizens, was formed at Keedysville, and marched to the grounds amidst the booming of cannon. At the Cemetery speeches were made by Governor Swan and ex-Governor Bradford; and a poem, by C. F. Buhler, of New York, was read. President Johnson was present, and made a short speech, in which he said he had appeared only to give his countenance to the ceremonies, and express his approbation of the purposes of the Committee, and to intimate to his fellow-citizens that all his efforts to preserve the Union, to restore peace and harmony, had been heretofore expended, and that for the future he intended to devote himself solely to the vindication of the Constitution!

Our illustrations show the procession to the grounds, a view and also a diagram of the Cemetery, and the dedicatory services. On the right and left are views respectively of the head-quarters of Generals Lee and M'Clellan. At the top of the picture is a drawing of the proposed monument; below, on the right, is an illustration of the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone, and on the left views of Sedgwick's Hospital and Dunkard Church. The "Story of the Battle" and "A Comrade's Grave" are beautiful and suggestive incidents happily illustrated by our artist.

The diagram of the Cemetery shows, by the aid of the following table, the resting-place of the soldiers of each State:

1. Ohio.	15. Unknown.
2. Unknown.	16. Connecticut.
3. Unknown.	17. Massachusetts.
4. Unknown.	18. Michigan.
5. Minnesota.	19. Maryland.
6. Iowa.	20. West Virginia.
7. Illinois.	21. Vermont.
8. Delaware.	22. Indiana.
9. Maine.	23. U. S. Officers.
10. Wisconsin.	24. U. S. Regulars.
11. New Jersey.	25. New York.
12. New Hampshire.	26. Pennsylvania.
13. Rhode Island.	27. Monument.
14. West Virginia.	28. Porter's Lodge.

There are now 3580 officers and privates of the Union army who fell in this engagement buried in this Cemetery. The sum of nearly $40,000 has been thus far expended on this work.

MR. SNOOKS'S HOBBIES.

Mr. Snooks was a rider of hobbies. Not that he was an oddity in this respect. The wisest and best men that ever lived have had their hobbies; and though most of them were pretty thoroughly snubbed during their lifetime, and had their "new-fangled notions" laughed at by their friends and acquaintances, some of the grandest discoveries that have blessed the world have been the result of them.

But there was a wide difference between their hobbies and those of the subject of our sketch; for while those of the former were controlled by their riders, and made to serve the attainment of some fixed purpose, those of the latter invariably ran away with him, either dropping dead from pure exhaustion or else landing him unceremoniously into a snow-bank or mud-puddle.

At such times the dear friends of Snooks (most of whom had private hobbies of their own, though perhaps of a more quiet temper) would shake their heads, and volunteer the hope "that poor Snooks would now see the folly of his conduct." Not a bit of it; the next day Snooks would be mounted on another one, if any thing more wild and erratic than its predecessor. Instead of Mr. Snooks taking possession of his hobbies, his hobbies took possession of him, and while the fit lasted he had neither ears nor tongue for any thing else.

Now if he had been content to take his rides alone nobody would have complained; but he wasn't. With a benevolence not at all appreciated by his immediate circle of acquaintances he insisted that the rest of the world should follow his example. He set traps for their unwary feet, and seemed to take a cruel pleasure in witnessing their frantic efforts to escape him. He button-holed them in the street, waylaid them on their way to their business. If there was a time most inconvenient, a place most unsuitable, Snooks was sure to choose that very time and place to expatiate upon the one idea that had taken full possession of his brain. It was in vain that his victims, in self-defense, introduced some other topic, apparently as remote from it as the poles from each other. Snooks was not to be thus turned from his course. By a species of "hocus pocus" incomprehensible to the sufferer he would deduce from said topic some argument or illustration to show why they and the world in general should be as completely run away with by his hobby as he was himself.

Mr. Snooks's ideas, if allowed their natural run, generally died a natural death; but if they met with much opposition they struck in, like the measles, and were not got rid of so easily. As might be expected, he did not always find his road a smooth one; his hobbies would come into violent contact with those of other people, who didn't relish having their pet ideas thus rudely assailed, and which occasionally resulted in certain energetic demonstrations, necessitating the wearing of rather more court-plaster upon his face than was quite agreeable or becoming. But our hero took these little mishaps very philosophically, even if he did not inwardly exult that to his renown as a reformer was added the prestige of martyrdom.

Mr. Snooks was an ardent advocate for early marriages, and that he did not put his theory into practice was certainly no fault of his. The damsels of his acquaintance must have been incomprehensibly stupid in regard to the matrimonial prize within their reach, for various were the mishaps and rebuffs that he met with in his efforts in that direction. Though eager and persistent in his efforts, he disdained the weakness common to his sex, and was never known to go into rhapsodies over a sparkling eye or rosy cheek. Indeed, as far as any lover-like raptures were concerned, the several objects of his devotion—if we may use such a term—might as well have been lay figures in some milliner's shop.

Neither did he appear to make any special effort toward winning their hearts. Indeed this organ, if recognized at all, was of secondary importance in his eyes. His sole attention was directed to the head. Not to the wealth of tresses that adorned it; this was often a serious bar to his investigating spirit, and he was more than once heard to lament that the style in which it was dressed should so frequently not only conceal the "bumps" of the fair owners, but give them so many more than they were entitled to.

Craniology was one of the numerous ologies on which he placed implicit faith; and this test he applied to each and all of the fair aspirants to the honor of becoming Mrs. Snooks. Those that failed were remorselessly dropped from his list; for high as was his opinion of the married state, he was determined never to enter it unless he could find some one whose temperament would so harmonize with his, and the bumps of whose cranium were so counterbalanced by corresponding ones on his own, as to produce that equilibrium and perfect whole that could alone insure matrimonial felicity.

As can well be imagined, Snooks had no easy task before him. Could he have had a cast taken, and then had a head modeled from it "according to order," it would have saved him a world of trouble and perplexity. But as this, in the present state of the science, was impracticable, he was obliged to trust entirely to his powers of research and discrimination.

He was very careful in all this not to allow himself to be influenced too much by appearances, except they were decidedly in favor of his theory; then, indeed, his mind could hardly be more open to conviction. It was in vain to tell him that Miss A—— was of a kind and generous temper, when it was so evident to him that her organ of benevolence was in such a shockingly depressed condition; or that Miss B—— was an excellent housekeeper, when he could see at a glance that she was woefully deficient in the bump of order. All that he heard, all that he saw himself, only served to convince him that, in addition to the rest of their deficiencies, they were the most artful of their sex.

In view of all these wiles and blandishments, he often inwardly congratulated himself on the possession of an infallible test which could divest the fair masqueraders of their borrowed plumes, and show them to him as they really were.

But in spite of all his persevering researches he met with nothing but vexation and disappointment until fate brought him into contact with Miss Tryphena Tadpole. Here, apparently, was the head he had been so long in search of, and whose possession would make him the happiest of men. He immediately laid siege to it; and after some parley it surrendered at discretion, and both head and hand were placed at his disposal—we say nothing about the heart, that not being mentioned in the articles of agreement.

For a while Snooks was supremely blest. But as his bachelor career began to draw to a close he grew restless and uneasy. He was but a novice in the sublime art; supposing he had made a mistake in his calculations, and should find, when it was too late, that the head he had won was not the head he thought it was? If he could only get Professor Quacumburg's indorsement of his choice he should feel safe.

Snooks had read this great man's works, and was indebted to him for many of the expansive ideas that so filled his head as to leave room for little else, but had never consulted him personally. He had an office in a neighboring city, where, for the trifling sum of five dollars, one could have their mental and moral capacities mapped out with startling minuteness, and which the reader will acknowledge was ridiculously low, considering the amount of information guaranteed.

Anxious to have his fears confirmed, or else forever silenced, Snooks suggested to Tryphena that she ride over to the city with him the next day and have her chart taken. To which the unsuspecting girl, little dreaming of the trap that was set for her, consented.

Now, unknown to Snooks, Professor Quacumburg had just sailed for Europe for the purpose of inspecting the cast said to have been taken from a skull found some distance below the earth, in Sweden, and whose singular conformation had set the whole craniological world by the ears. Some of the learned *savans* declared that it belonged to an extinct race; another was equally as sure that it was one of the ancient Scandinavians; while still another insisted that it was of a more modern date. But however much they differed as to its origin, they all agreed on one point—that it had once been the temple of an intellect of unusual compass and vigor.

It was afterward ascertained to be a cast from a Swedish turnip, but not until it had elicited thirty-three pamphlets, besides innumerable discussions, to the great satisfaction of their respective authors and the edification of the public.

But though the great Professor had departed he had not left his place vacant. He had a son, who, if he did not exactly follow in his footsteps, was certainly no unworthy bearer of his name.

Likewise the fair Tryphena had a brother. According to Mrs. Tadpole's account, "Feenie and Tim" did nothing but fight through their interesting childhood; and when they arrived at years of discretion, and better things were expected of them, they simply "changed their base," continuing their warfare, though in a less open manner. The expression of Tryphena's opinion upon any given point was the signal for Tim to range himself unhesitatingly on the other side, and *vice versa*.

This being the case, the very fact that the gentle Tryphena was beginning to set her maiden affections upon Snooks would have been sufficient to have made Tim his sworn enemy, even if he had not been particularly disgusted by his continually dropping in evenings, and monopolizing the warmest seat and choicest good things in the paternal mansion. He immediately went to work to break up the match, succeeding about as well as people generally do in such an undertaking—that is, he made the parties concerned tenfold more resolute upon the attainment of their object.

Now it happened that Tim Tadpole and young Quacumburg were great cronies; and when the former heard of the proposed ride and its object, a bright idea entered his head, which was followed by a secret confab between the twain, in the private office of the great absentee, that was ominous of little good to the unsuspecting pair, who the next morning sought its hallowed shades.

They were informed by the grinning office-boy "that the Professor was busy, but would soon be at leisure," and were invited in the mean time to take a peep at the "Museum."

The room dignified by this title might more aptly have been called "Golgotha—a place of skulls;" for, ranged upon shelves on either side of it, they grinned down upon their startled visitors a ghastly welcome that made their teeth chatter from pure sympathy.

One side was devoted to those of celebrated criminals, most of whom had undergone the extreme penalty of the law, and on which were tickets duly setting forth the extent and nature of their crimes. Interspersed with these were plaster casts of certain dead celebrities whose originals were not so easily procured.

In the language of the proprietor, "this unique and valuable collection had been procured at great expense and trouble, and arranged and classified under his own personal supervision." And so far as the latter was concerned, it was easy to perceive that the collector was not unmindful of the effect of contrast; for from among the distorted heads of idiots and savages rose the sublime front of Webster and Shakspeare, while in the corner set apart for cannibals, pirates, and their ilk, were the serene, benevolent countenances of Wilberforce and Howard.

In the mean time, in the private office at the rear, Tim Tadpole was engaged in assisting Quacumburg junior into one of his father's old dressing-gowns. His luxuriant hair was concealed beneath a huge gray wig, and his eyes shorn of their youthful lustre by means of a pair of green glasses provided for the occasion by Tim, who, when the last finishing touches were given to his toilet, declared with a chuckle "that he looked enough like the old gent to be his own father!"

Tim then subdued the light of the room, and betook himself to the retreat he had prepared—a dark closet, where by the aid of a stool he could reach and look through a crack at the top of the door, and see all that was going on. He had barely time to make good his retreat when Snooks and his dulcinea entered.

The impressive and overwhelming manner with which the Professor *pro tem.* arose to receive them quite put into the shade his father's most successful efforts in that line, and so excited Tim's risibilities that the door against which he leaned shook with his suppressed laughter.

"Mercy on us! what was that?" exclaimed Tryphena, whose nerves were not a little shaken by the relics of mortality she had been viewing, and which it was her private opinion had been obtained by robbing grave-yards, if not by worse methods.

"It's my dog, that I just shut out," said the newly-fledged Professor, rather more hastily than comported with his dignity. But he made ample amends for it by the tone in which he added:

"Come to get a chart of your head, I suppose? Please take that seat, Madam."

The awe-struck Tryphena sank into the chair toward which she was majestically waved.

After gravely staring at her head for the space of one minute, the Professor deliberately unrolled a tape and took a careful measurement of it, the result of which he noted down upon a slip of paper. He then passed his hands over it, turning it this way and that as unceremoniously as though it was a globe, and apparently with the same object in view.

Suddenly he started, regarding his blissfully unconscious subject with a look of consternation and horror.

"Can't be possible; must have made a mistake," he muttered.

Again he measured the head, going through with the same manipulations as before, and apparently with the same result, for he shook his own gravely.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Snooks, who had been intently regarding him.

The Professor frowned at this presumptuous interruption, and, without deigning a reply, jotted down some more notes upon his paper.

"That will do," he said, laying down his pencil, another wave of his hand planting Tryphena again upon her feet and assisting her toward the door.

"A most extraordinary head!" he added, partly to himself and partly to the expectant Snooks, and speaking in the concise, sententious manner of one who believes his words much too valuable to be wasted. "Must have time to consider. Call again to-morrow at half past two."

"But, my dear Sir," ventured Snooks, "just one word. Did you—"

"Have no time to explain now, Sir. Several persons waiting to see me. To-morrow, at half past two," interrupted the inexorable Professor, bowing them to the door, and through it, to the no small relief of Tryphena, who asserted "that she was too glad to escape with her head to say any thing about the chart of it."

Snooks passed a restless night, disturbed by dreams of direful import. We hardly need say that he was punctual to his appointment. More than punctual, in fact, by a full hour, which was spent among the cheerful objects gathered together with so much care by the renowned Professor.

He found the oracle he came to consult if any thing more lofty and inapproachable than before, and there was a mysterious reserve in his words that struck a chill to his heart.

"Sir, as I intimated yesterday, I find the head of your young lady friend to be the most singular one that ever came under my personal observation; but as the subject is living, and probably has friends who might take exceptions at such a disclosure, I must decline stating in what respect. Upon her death I should be willing to give almost any sum for it, as it would be, indeed, a valuable addition to one department of what I may truly call my unique and unrivaled collection."

For a moment Snooks sat bewildered. He then said, with a desperate air:

"Really, Sir, I must insist on knowing your reasons for this extraordinary, and I may well say alarming language."

The Professor did not seem to share in the impatience of his visitor. He deliberately took a pinch of snuff, surveying him in the mean time with a grave, commiserating aspect.

"I can but hope that you take no particular interest in this young person?"

"But I do, then," was the emphatic response; "and for the best of all reasons, that she is to be my wife, Sir."

"Good Heavens! you don't mean to say that you intend marrying her?"

"Yes—that is to say, that was my intention. And now that you know my reasons for pressing the point, I beg that you will keep me no longer in suspense."

"That indeed alters the question, and makes my duty plain. But before I proceed further you must pledge yourself to keep what I shall disclose strictly confined to your own bosom."

"I will never lisp a syllable of it, so help me God!"

At this assurance the Professor left the room, returning almost immediately with a skull, which, after carefully polishing it with his handkerchief, he placed on the table directly before Snooks, saying,

"Do you see that?"

To this rather superfluous question, as his visual organs were in nowise impaired, Snooks replied in the affirmative.

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to examine the card upon it?" said the Professor, blandly, and with the air of one advancing an unanswerable argument.

With a perceptible shudder Snooks read these words:

"Madge Haggerty, the Famous Poisoner. Executed June 10, 18—, confessing to the murder of her father, mother, two sisters, and four husbands."

"Very well, Sir," said Snooks, with as much show of impatience as his awe of the great man would admit, "and pray what has *that* to do with the head of Miss Tadpole?"

"Every thing, my good Sir," said the Professor, again resorting to his snuff-box, and speaking in a low, confidential tone; "which you will readily perceive when I tell you that the head of that young lady and the one on the table before you are, in size, form, and calibre, almost identical; that if there is any difference it is in favor of the latter."

A cold moisture broke out upon the face of Snooks.

"You must be mistaken," he gasped. "Why, her mother declares that she'd starve before she would kill a chicken! If you could have seen her when their old family horse died—'pon my word, cried like a baby, Sir."

"I can easily imagine it. Why, Madge Haggerty, at the same age, was said to have been remarkable for the tenderness of her heart, and yet you see what she became. And we read that Nero, that monster of cruelty, shed tears at the first death-warrant he was called to sign. I could cite you a dozen more modern instances. In some temperaments the ruling propensities, for a time, lie dormant; but the science is never at fault, is never mistaken, Sir. Whatever is here"—tapping the skull with his forefinger—"must sooner or later show itself. I have long been of the opinion that such are not fit subjects for punishment.

"Why, Sir, a person with a head like this," continued the eloquent Professor, taking it in his hand and surveying it with an air of affectionate interest, "can no more help being a murderer than a philanthropist can resist the benevolent instincts of *his* nature. Our wonderful, our glorious science is still in its infancy. I have no doubt but what a method will yet be discovered by which the head can, in childhood, be so moulded as to give every organ its proper place and proportion; but I regret to say that time has not yet come."

"But what am *I* to do?" exclaimed Snooks, whose mind was hardly in a condition to take in the extensive scope and general bearing of these words. "Good Heavens! what a discovery for a man to make only a month before his marriage!"

"That is not for me to determine," said the Professor, rising from his seat; "but were I in your place I should consider myself fortunate in

making it the month before rather than the month after. Excuse me for reminding you that my time is not my own; it belongs to the great public, whose servant I am. Shall be obliged to charge you a double fee for a double interview. Thank you, Sir. Hope every thing will be arranged to your satisfaction."

Snooks walked down stairs into the street like one in a dream; but before he reached home his chagrin was lost in thankfulness at his escape, and admiration at the wonderful power that had effected it. He spent the entire night in inditing an epistle to Miss Tadpole. We are sorry that its length (eight closely-written pages) prevents our giving it to the reader, as it contained some quite novel ideas on the rather hackneyed, but always interesting subject of matrimony. It wound up with the writer's regrets "that the duty he owed posterity, himself, and the world in general should demand the sundering of their engagement."

It was "baking-day" at the Tadpoles, and the post-boy found Tryphena in the kitchen, deeply immersed in its various mysteries. But a letter was no usual occurrence, and with one eye on the oven she sat down to read it. After floundering through the long words and ponderous sentences, strung together with so much care by her quondam suitor, until she came to the concluding paragraph, which contained the gist of the matter, she put it into her pocket, and, with an expression of contempt "that the man couldn't say what he wanted to without all that rigmarole," returned to her pies and puddings.

When her pa came home to supper she coolly informed him, in the elegant diction for which she was noted, "that all was up between her and Snooks."

She then addressed herself to the cold pork and cabbage with an energy which, to those unacquainted with her usual achievements in the victualing department, might seem to be born of desperation.

But if Tryphena was inclined to take it thus coolly, not so with the author of her being. "What! were the affections of his darling child to be trifled with, her heart broken, and her whole life blighted, and the wretch go unpunished? Not while he was a man and a father. He was rich, and should suffer for his villainy—where such men were most sensitive—in his pocket."

Such was the origin of the famous breach of promise case, "Tadpole *vs.* Snooks," which afforded so much amusement to the public, and was such a godsend to the reporters for the dailies.

Tryphena was duly instructed in her *rôle* of the broken-hearted maiden, which, to do her justice, was performed with great skill and effectiveness, especially considering the short time she had to learn it in. True, it seemed to agree with her on the whole; instead of pining away she grew plump and rosy on her grief. But as her counsel, Peter Flummery, Esq., said in his appeal to the jury—his voice faltering with emotion, and his eloquence bringing tears to every eye—"Who has not seen some goodly tree putting forth its buds and blossoms in rich profusion, while all was decay and hollowness at the core?"

He also made use of the original metaphor of the wounded dove clasping its wings over the arrow in its side. And though it was hardly applicable to the fair plaintiff, who seemed not at all reluctant to unveil her sorrows to the world, it produced a strong impression on the soft-headed as well as tender-hearted jury.

Eloquent as Mr. Flummery invariably was, he quite outdid himself on this occasion. The blighted affections of his client were spread out before the public in all their desolation, and her broken heart presented to the jury in a most solemn and affecting manner, in order that they might decide upon its original value, and be able to calculate to a nicety the amount it would cost to repair it.

Not content with this, he seized the luckless defendant, and, after painting him in the blackest and most diabolical colors, held him up to the scorn and derision of the world.

The lofty and aspiring mind of Snooks disdained any such commonplace measure as the aid of counsel. He defended himself by an elaborate argument, first, to prove that the heart was nothing but a force-pump used by nature to propel the blood through the system; second, that the head was the seat of the affections as well as the intellect; winding up with the plea that as there was no place on the plaintiff's for the affectional element, it was impossible for him to have done her the injury alleged.

At this novel and ingenious defense the judge frowned, the jury looked at each other significantly and shook their heads, while a murmur of indignation ran through the audience. And the result was that Snooks was ordered to make a fitting atonement to the plaintiff in the form of a large roll of "greenbacks," which, being applied to her broken heart, effected a miraculous cure. It immediately became as good as new. In fact, a great deal better; for whereas it formerly was rather below par in the market matrimonial, it was now at a premium, quite a number of bachelors and widowers being moved by the moving story of her wrongs and sorrows to attempt to console her. But Tryphena was not ungrateful. In the language of a paper chronicling the happy event, "a fortnight later, Peter Flummery, Esq., as successful in the courts of Cupid as of law, bore away the charming prize."

Snooks is still a bachelor, not having yet found the ideal head that can alone realize his expectations. At the last accounts he was about memorializing Congress upon the manifest injustice of punishing criminals for acts that the laws of their organization compel them to commit, and to advise the tearing down of jails and penitentiaries, and the erection of hospitals where such unfortunates can have the scientific treatment they require.

He has been engaged for some time past in certain chemical experiments tending to the discovery of some subtile, penetrating emolient, by which their heads can be so softened as to be easily remodeled; thus making them perforce "peaceful, law-abiding citizens." He has not as yet succeeded, but is confident of an ultimate triumph. We can not too highly estimate his unselfish labors when we reflect that the consistency of his own head renders any such process entirely unnecessary.

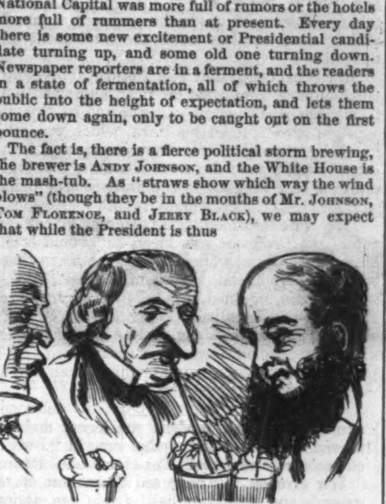
WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEEKLY,—There never was a time when the National Capital was more full of rumors or the hotels more full of rummers than at present. Every day there is some new excitement or Presidential candidate turning up, and some old one turning down. Newspaper reporters are in a ferment, and the readers in a state of fermentation, all of which throws the public into the height of expectation, and lets them come down again, only to be caught out on the first bounce.

The fact is, there is a fierce political storm brewing, the brewer is ANDY JOHNSON, and the White House is the mash-tub. As "straws show which way the wind blows" (though they be in the mouths of MR. JOHNSON, TOM FLORENCE, and JERRY BLACK), we may expect that while the President is thus



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRITS OF "TOM" AND "JERRY,"

there must be a row with Congress.

On one side is a President firm in his purpose, but shaky in his actions. On the other side is a Congress shaky in its purposes, but firm in its actions, as far as they go. Congress is trying to throw cold water on the President, who never deals in the article, if he can help it, and the President is trying to infuse his spirit into the Cabinet as being something stronger than the Congress water; thus we have a pretty kettle of fish—including the "suckers." If these two contending powers are in earnest, there are, indeed, dark days ahead, in which the Capitol will have to be lighted at four o'clock in the afternoon instead of half past seven as at present; fresh trials and tribulations, not to mention those in pickle, are in store for the nation. In the confusion and excitement of the hour it is no easy matter to get into the nest where these plots and counterplots are said to be hatching, and indeed, when any of the nests are found, there are so many

BAD EGGS

in them that you dismiss the idea of their ever coming to any thing. It has, however, long since passed into a proverb that "whatever is fowl will brood." So we may expect an increase of the foul elements in the National Incubator. Many of the rumors that are mysteriously circulated are of the wildest imaginings, and, if false, are, as the counterfeit detectors say, "well done, and calculated to deceive." Thus they shove the queer in all departments of traffic, whether in "promises to pay," or those with no pay attached.

After carefully striving to get at the truth, so far as the controversy with the President is concerned, I have arrived at the conclusion that both Congress and the President, in the language of the ring, "mean mischief." I have talked with the backers of the President about the coming match, and they say their man and money are ready. They seem confident that their pet will be on his pins at the call of time, and will be found to be an ugly customer. He will strike out straight from the shoulder, bear down on his adversary, and crowd him to the ropes. On consulting with BEN BUTLER and other trainers and backers of Congress, I found them equally sanguine. They speak of the weight of their champion, the size of his mauleys, never known to "come up groggy," but always "smiling," to the call of time. So you see the way the thing now stands we may expect a very pretty fight, and some nice punishment all round. The President has gone into training already, and Congress will soon follow. The first forfeit, I understand, has been put up.

In the fight to come for the championship the rules of the P. R. will be in a measure set aside. The parties claim the right to strike below the belt if they please. There will be no referee; consequently the fight will be kept up, irrespective of foul blows or tumbles, until the defeated adversary is unable to come up to the scratch; not till then will the sponge be thrown up by the official spongers. The challenge lately issued by the President, under the name of an Amnesty Proclamation, is regarded by the trainers of Congress as a decided invitation to try the prowess of their chicken in the ring, and they mean to do it.

Now taking it for granted that the Radical leaders are in earnest, and that their loud threats are not mere boastings, it becomes a matter of interest to know how the President will act in the event of his impeachment. I am reliably informed that he will walk into the House while in session, put out the lights, then put out the livers on the Government; which, with his Cabinet in fighting trim, led by GRANT in person, he is perfectly capable of doing. He will next walk over to the Senate Chamber, tearing down on his way half a dozen of those monster national transparencies, called historical paintings, and rush in flushed with victory. The Senators will immediately fraternize with him and his conquering attendants.

Each one of the Cabinet will then draw

HIS POCKET-PISTOL

and treat the crowd to its contents, which will beget such a spirit of good fellowship that the Senate will immediately *re-treat*, and the thing is done. FLORENCE will then take possession of the Senate and MORRISSEY of the House, which they will run by getting volunteers from this city for both branches. Laws will be made disfranchising SCHUYLER COLFAX and BILL KELLEY, those two perambulating Rads, and SUMNER will be put in Fortress Monroe. SICKLES will be tried for cruelty to secesh processions and hung on the same gallows that finished WIRZ. The President will then commence to elevate the *Blacks* by putting JEREMIAH in the Cabinet, while Mr. SEWARD will be given the position of Consul to Sitka. Mr. WELLES will be ordered to report on board the receiving-ship at Quarantine in the Lower Bay of New York, while HAMMILL of Pittsburg will be given the position of Secretary of the Navy, and will proceed at once to reduce the establishment to a peace footing by inaugurating races every Monday at the different naval stations with the ships of rival nations. MIKE M'COOLE, of St. Louis, champion of light weights, will be offered

THE POSITION OF SECRETARY OF WAR,

while GRANT will be sent out to fight SPOTTED TAIL on the plains.

This, I am satisfied, is the programme at present of Messrs. JOHNSON, BLACK, and FLORENCE. I shall continue to hang around the back gate of the White House, and if I learn any thing more reliable I will make no delay in sending it on.

Your own C. O. W.

SET FREE.

A PRISON INCIDENT.

I was sitting with an old friend, the governor of a county jail, and we had been talking over his manner of living—one to which he seemed perfectly reconciled.

"Well," he said, "yes, it is a dull life, perhaps; not that I feel it, for, according to my way of thinking, it is not the occupation, but the man's heart, which makes him dull. Depend upon it, hands and a thoughtful mind were not given us for nothing, and the more I think the nearer I come to the conclusion that the busy life is the happy one after all. Now here am I, with plenty to take up my time in my duties, and plenty of studies of character within reach shut up all ready for me in the different cells.

"Gloomy place this, you'll say, barred and bolted to keep any friends from getting in unasked; but there, you know what old Milton said about the mind being its own place, and in itself able to make a heaven of its abode. I'm contented enough, and too busy generally to find fault.

"Yes, you may depend upon it your busy man is the happiest, for I've seen it again and again. The greatest punishment you can inflict upon a man is to shut him up with nothing to do, nothing to employ his time with, nothing to hinder the constant drag, drag of his thoughts, pulling him toward the past.

"Not always sorrow and contrition, but recollections of drinking-bouts and successful robberies and their profits, debaucheries, and then longings for liberty once more. Of course now and then we do get a really repentant fellow—not one of your cringing, fawning rascals, who turn up their eyes and feel so much better for the chaplain's words, and so carefully learn all his texts; but comparatively honest rogues—men who have been sent here for their term of imprisonment, and who feel the bitterness and shame of their position.

"I had such a man here not long back now—Ridding, in for poaching—and how that poor fellow beat against his cage bars! Poor fellow! I believe he was not a bad one at heart, but he had got himself mixed up with a poaching gang, and a keeper having been half killed, Amos was taken, and, rightly or wrongly, sent here for six months.

"I can soon pick out what I call the canters, and act accordingly; while where I see a poor fellow taking his confinement to heart, why, knowing how it tells on his mind, I do all I can for him to brighten him up—setting him at odd jobs about the place, gardening, and so on.

"But this poor fellow was unmanageable; he would work as hard as I liked, and as long as I liked, but the moment he was by himself he was pining again, fretting for his wife and children, and wearing himself away to skin and bone. I did not know what to do with him, and grew quite troubled at last, for I began to be afraid of having a summons from one of the warders, telling me that, in a fit of that weary, despairing madness which comes upon men, poor Ridding had made away with himself.

"The summons came at last, but in a different form; for one morning I was roused at five o'clock to be told that the bird had beaten down the wires and had escaped.

"'Why, how did he manage it?' I exclaimed, angrily.

"'Come and see, Sir,' said the warder, and I went to the cell where the prisoner had been locked in the night before at eight o'clock, and then apparently he must have gone to work at once with an old nail at the setting of one of the iron bars in the window till he picked it slowly out, and then wrenched out first one and then another, leaving a passage big enough to allow his body to pass. The blankets and rug were gone, while a piece of one of the former yet hung to one of the bars, evidently having been used to let the prisoner down into the yard below.

"We were not long in reaching the lesser yard, which was about twenty feet beneath his window, and surrounded on all sides by high buildings. Here it was evident that he had made his way into the long passage between the work-shops, a place covered in for the whole length with iron bars. But about half-way down we found where he had leaped up and caught the bars, and evidently by placing his feet against them and forcing, while he held on with his hands, strained till the iron gave way sufficiently for him to force his body through, when he would be able to lower himself into the large yard, where the high wall is, whose top is covered with loose heavy bricks, which are sure to fall if an attempt at escape is made.

"Not a brick was out of place, though, as far as I could see, till one of the men pointed out where three had fallen, and then, feeling satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner had escaped, I returned to my office, and sent out notices to the police.

"All at once one of the men ran in. 'Found him, Sir,' he said.

"'How? where?' I said. 'Is he in a cell?'

"'No, Sir,' said the warder, 'he's a-top of the prison.'

"I jumped up, and hurried into the yard, to find men at watch, for some people had caught sight of the poor fellow's head from a neighboring house, and given notice to the gate-keeper.

"It was now plain enough that the prisoner had reached the top of the high wall, and then, probably from its being daylight, been afraid to descend, so he had climbed from thence, by means of a water-pipe, right on to the top of the prison, and was now lying concealed in one of the gutters.

"I'm too old and stout to take part in such matters, so I sent up three men to the top of the prison, and then went up one of the buildings to see the capture made. I did not have to wait long before first one head and then another appeared above the trap-door, till the three men were upon the roof, which is rather extensive, consisting of high slated ridges, separated by wide lead gutters.

"The noise they made must have aroused the prisoner, for I saw him start up all at once as if from sleep, and stand facing his pursuers.

"'Of course he'll give up, poor fellow,' I muttered to myself; but I was mistaken, for the next moment I saw him scramble up one side of a ridge and slide down the other, in a way which showed that submission was far from his intention.

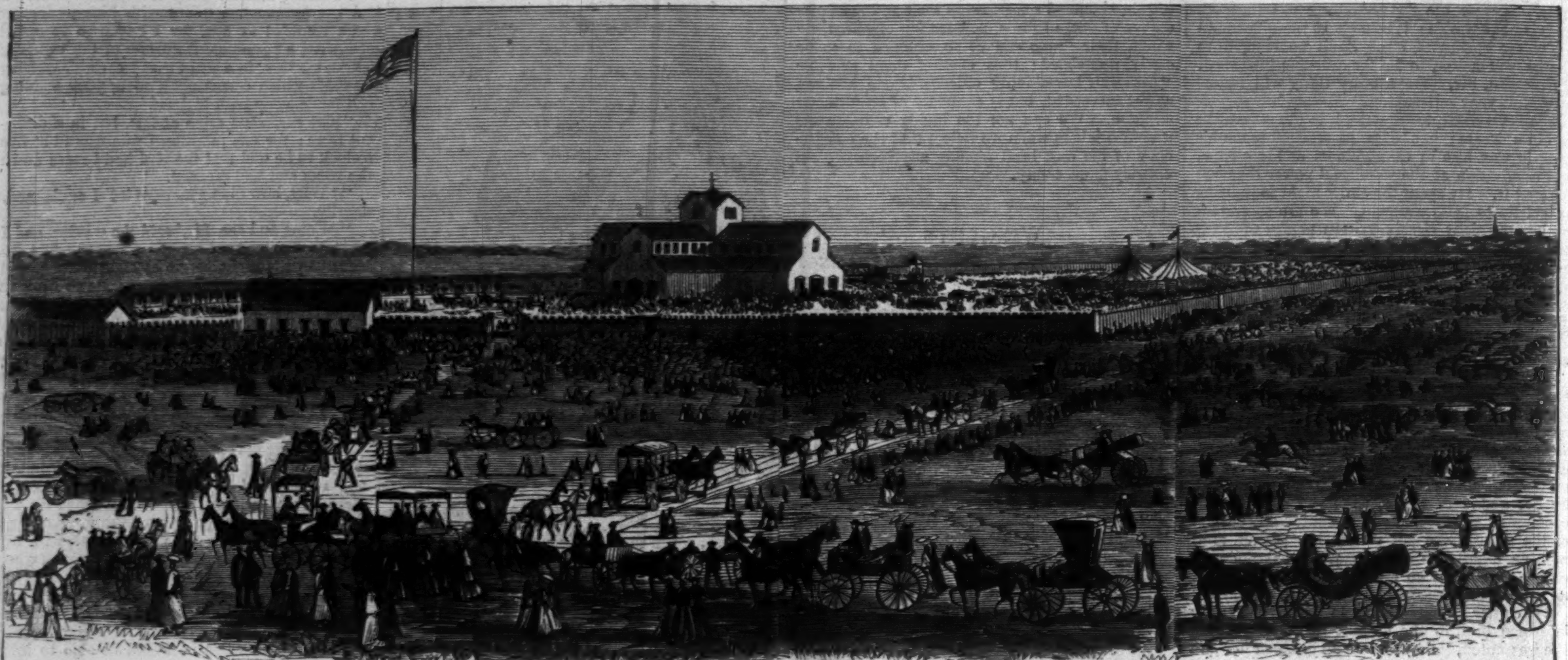
"Not to be outdone the three men separated, and as one followed in the prisoner's steps the others tried to cut him off right and left.

"But for duty I felt so much sympathy for the poor fellow that I should have said, 'Let him go.' But all I could do was to gaze horror-stricken at the scene going on about thirty feet from where I stood. Once a warder was near enough to touch the prisoner, but he eluded the grasp, and led his pursuers right to the end of the building, each man, in the excitement of the chase, running fearlessly along the coping of the parapet, or darting up and down the ridges in a way that chilled me with horror, as I thought of a fall full fifty feet into the stone-yard below.

"'Thank God!' I ejaculated at last, for at the second race round the building I saw one of the men drop behind a projection in hiding, and then, as the prisoner came round, the warder leaped up, caught him by the throat, and I thought all was over. But directly after I shuddered as I saw a deadly struggle going on within a foot of the parapet, and felt that the next moment must see the pair falling headlong to the ground; while it was almost a relief to see them go down heavily into the gutter, and the prisoner leap up and continue his flight, pursued by the other two men, who had lagged behind to cut off their quarry.

"But a new plan was now being adopted by the pursuers, who crawled on hands and knees between the ridges, one going one way, the other another way, while to my astonishment I saw the prisoner stop at the corner where the brick-burdened wall touched the building, and let down a rope of knotted blanket, hitherto hidden in the lead gutter, to which it was somehow secured. The next instant the poor fellow was over the side, swinging backward and forward, and turning round and round as he lowered himself quickly, staring upward at the men, who now came up and looked over at him.

"I'm governor of this jail, and I know my duty; but in that moment of peril I could do nothing but look on, for I felt, I may say, that something was going to happen. My hands were wet, the big drops stood upon my brow, while, when Ridding swung round, and I saw his di-



QUEEN'S COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

lated eyes, I shuddered again, just as the fragile rope parted, and he came down with his back striking the wall, and dislodging some of the loose bricks, when I turned away from the window to run down; but not quickly enough to avoid hearing the sickening crash of the poor fellow's fall upon the hard flags in the yard.

"The doctor was standing over Ridding when I went into his cell, and then, answering my inquiring look with a slight raising of the eyelids and a shake of the head, he went out and left me with the poor fellow, who smiled as I leaned over his bed.

"'Are you in much pain?' I said.

"'Only in one place, Sir,' he whispered, touching his breast; and then no more was said for a minute or two, when I spoke a few encouraging words.

"'No use, Sir, no use,' he murmured. 'Don't be cross with me. I couldn't bear it any longer. I wanted to be with the wife and little ones once more. Tell 'em how it was.'

"The next morning the poor fellow was free—free from prison bonds—earthly bonds—all; and I was so upset with that affair that I sent in my resignation. It was returned to me with a note begging that I would reconsider my determination; and I did. But we have some most heart-rending cases at times under our care."

THE QUEENS COUNTY FAIR.

When one goes by way of Oliver Charlick's railroad through the "coarse sand and gravel of Hempstead Plains" he is not apt to be favorably impressed with the internal improvements or the natural soil of Long Island. The railroad *is* slow, and the soil *is* sandy; but though the railroad agents of Long Island lack enterprise, the farmers are not wanting in industry and energy; and though a close investigation of the first is not calculated to induce many to risk their lives or lose their tempers thereon, searching inquiry will convince all that the Queens County farmers know how to make great crops and a great deal of money out of their poor soil. Twenty-five years ago a distinguished Senator of New York, who had been in the habit of looking at Long Island's sea-girt shores in a superficial manner, read the first report of the Queens County Agricultural Society, and was astonished to find that four towns of that single county raised more wheat than he had credited all Long Island with producing. And these four towns were in the centre of that "bed of coarse sand and gravel" which is known as Hempstead Plains. The permanent exhibition-grounds of the Queens County Agricultural Society have been built in the same locality, and its twenty-fifth annual exhibition, which ended on September 27, was a fair illustration of what educated farmers, modern machines, and improved tillage can accomplish even in "beds of coarse sand and gravel" like Hempstead Plains.

We give on this page an illustration of the grounds and exhibition-hall of this association. The grounds, which consist of 40 acres, were donated by the town of Hempstead. They have been inclosed and otherwise improved, with a spacious exhibition-hall, business office, stables, drives, etc., at a cost of $18,847 40. The exhibition-hall is built in the form of a Greek cross, equal to five rooms of 40 feet square each, and contains 8000 square feet of flooring. The tables are so arranged that each department may be kept separate. In the centre is a tasty iron fountain, around which are tables for flowers. At one corner of the centre is the speaker's stand, from which position every person in the building can be seen; at another corner is the entrance to the ladies' saloon.

The exhibition of 1867 was one of the most successful of the society; a large number of exhibitors were present, and a large amount of money was expended in premiums.

A FOUR-IN-HAND ELK TEAM.

It has frequently been maintained that the buffalo, the elk, and the moose-deer could all be made subservient to practical uses as beasts of burden; and it is not an infrequent sight upon the plains to meet with the elk or buffalo in harness, while the backwoodsmen of Aroostook occasionally compel the unwieldy moose to answer the purposes of a horse. But the extreme viciousness of the males, and mulish obstinacy of the females, would seem to prevent them from ever superseding that most willing, obedient, and subservient of all known creatures, the horse. Accordingly, in civilized communities we find these animals used only by way of experiment and in the pursuit of novelty.

About fifteen years ago a daughter of the late General Wadsworth was accustomed to drive a pair of elk about the County of Genesee; but since then an elk team has been unknown until Mr. Starks made his appearance on the grounds of the New Hampshire Agricultural Fair at Nashua, on September 12, with the fine four-in-hand team which we have illustrated on this page.

How much speed can be got out of such animals is quite uncertain, although it is stated that the above team has made *seventeen miles* in *two hours*. But, notwithstanding all this, we think its chief merit is in its novelty, and in the amusement afforded those who have the time and means to devote to it. Viewed in this light, Mr. Starks's four-in-hand elk team is a great curiosity, showing much skill and perseverance on the part of its trainers.

FOUR-IN-HAND ELK TEAM OF MR. STARKS AT THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FAIR AT NASHUA.—[Sketched by H. W. Herrick.]

AN OBJECTIONABLE OLD MAN.

Young Ladies. "Going to make a Flower-Bed here, Smithers! Why, it'll quite spoil our Croquet Ground!"
Gardener. "Well, that's yer Pa's orders, Miss. He'll hev' it laid out for 'Orticultur', not for 'Usbandry!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Nurse. "Oh, Miss Nelly! Whatever *are* you about?"
Miss Nelly. "I'm only Dipping Dolly, like the Bathing Woman Dips me!"

QUADRILLE.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE STUDY FROM NATURE.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A very unpopular officer for ladies—General Housework.

A new Reading—Uneasy lies the head that lacks a crown.

A Strange Metamorphosis.—When a sportsman fires into a covey of partridges he makes them all quail.

A Yankee captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that situation, he replied, "I thought he would make about forty barrels."

A very corpulent gentleman, traveling in Minnesota, was walking backward and forward in front of a tavern while the horses were changing. One of the gapers, an inhabitant of the place, had a mind to be witty; viewing the gentleman's person, he accosted him with, "I see, Sir, you carry your portmanteau before you." "Certainly," said he; "I always think it requisite to have it under my eye when passing through a suspicious-looking place."

Why is wit like whisky-toddy?—Because it never gets into a Scotchman's head.

When Hugo Himmelman was going to get married to Gretchen Kulp, he went down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," said he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," said he.

"Six dollars!" said Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take any less?"

"No," said he, "that's what they cost me at the Secretary's office."

"Well, how much do you ask for publishing in the church, then?"

"Nothing," said the parson.

"Well," said Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect any change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays!" said Hugo; "well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great amount of money for a poor man to throw away."

So off he went a jogging toward home, feeling about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as fast as his horse would carry him.

"Parson," said he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars; I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can not untie with my teeth."

"Why, what in natur' is the meaning of all this?"

"Why," said Hugo, "I've been a cipherin' it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing after all. You see, Sir, it's potato diggin' times; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages big, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow."

The Latest Intelligence—The one that is always last to see the joke.

Fully Accounted For.—When people are "sworn" in a court of justice they kiss the outside of the book; doubtless because they consider an oath a "binding" matter!

THE OUTSIDE DOG IN THE FIGHT.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
  Or of any dog that you please,
I go for the dog, the wise old dog,
  That knowingly takes his ease,
And, wagging his tail outside the ring—
  Keeping always *his* bone in sight—
Cares not a pin in his sound old head
  For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
  And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
  To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few perhaps who fail
  To see it in quite this light,
But when the fur flies I had rather be
  The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs—injudicious dogs—
  Who think it is quite the thing
To take the part of one of the dogs,
  And go yelping into the ring;
But I care not a pin what all may say
  In regard to the wrong or the right,
My money goes, as well as my song,
  For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

How to Work on a Woman's Feelings—Give her a Sewing-machine.

It is said that Baron Platt, when once visiting a penal institution, inspected the tread-mill with the rest, and, being practically disposed, the learned Judge philanthropically trusted himself on the tread-mill, desiring the warder to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, he had had quite enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the Judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

The Universal Watchword—Tick

Not Worth so many Pins!—A young man committed suicide in Paris lately by running fifty pins into his bosom, stating in a letter that he did so because his life had been a series of disappointments, and adding that he flattered himself his mode of suicide was quite original. At all events, if his life was disappointments, in his method of quitting it he carried his point—and fifty pins' points besides.

A NEW METEOROLOGICAL SYSTEM,

Being an ingenious method of predicting the various changes in the weather.

First catch a pretty girl, then place her before a mirror. This will denote—*Fair.*

Request her (politely) to be seated—*Set Fair.*
Tell her (not politely) that she paints—*Change.*
Announce her lover—*Hail.*
Make them quarrel—*Wet.*
Show her a rival—*Much Wet.*
Disarrange her chignon—*Stormy.*

"A Question of Time"—"What's o'clock?"

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it. "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?" "Oh yes," answered the merchant, "I have no complaint." "Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by." "That's so," replied the merchant. And the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend!" cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

NAPOLEON'S UNPOPULARITY AT HOME.

ONE morning I was conversing with an intelligent Frenchman on the top of an omnibus. As we were passing the Louvre I observed that it would be difficult from without to say which half of it had been built by the present Government, as the color of both seemed the same. I had heard, I said, that when the new buildings were completed the engines were employed to throw a mixture of soot and water over their walls so that it might look as old as the rest. "It is true," said the gentleman. "That is the way we have been going on in Paris for this fifteen years, living d—d lies!" His face as he said this so plainly expressed the color of his principles that I was anxious to draw him out, and managed to assure him that he was safe in saying what he pleased to me. He declared, however, that he was in the habit of saying what he thought without fear. "We are" (I follow his train of remark, not noting my own questions), "an instinctively truthful people. Our very name is 'frank.' Yet our Government is simply a lie systematized. 'The will of the people'—a musket close to every breast made it—and what then sustained it? The Emperor sends an agent around to every ignorant tradesman or mechanic in France, to every peasant in the provinces, to every man who has a bit of property of any kind whatsoever. This agent prints on every man's title to his property, though it be the smallest patch, the name and guarantee of Napoleon III. and a big seal, and tells him that if any thing happens to the present dynasty his title to his little garden, his hut, or whatever he owns, is gone. A manifold lie! Then abroad we are mainly known by our lies. We swear we will not touch Nice or Savoy; to-morrow we have pocketed both. We assure America that we have no thought of interfering with the Government of Mexico: to-morrow we raise a Hapsburgh throne there. In Paris, if the Emperor wishes to have a thing believed he is compelled to publish the opposite. The *Moniteur* forgot itself last summer and declared the cholera was *not* in Paris; the day after Paris was deserted by all who could leave it. This is a symptom. Paris is no longer deceived. When the peasants in the country comprehend the import of the name and seal on their title-deeds the lie will end."

It seems to be quietly understood by every body in Paris that the general opinion of the present dynasty is that which was expressed by this gentleman. Recently two men were overheard by the police denouncing some third person, whose name was not mentioned by either, as a "scoundrel." A policeman marched up to the man who had used the epithet and arrested him, saying, "You are speaking of the Emperor!" An equally amusing case of this official naïveté occurred a few days ago. There was exhibited for some days in the window of a print-shop on a certain boulevard a picture of one large and six small donkeys feeding at a trough; although there was not an explanatory word on the picture the authorities were uncomplimentary enough to the Emperor and the six members of his cabinet to assume that it referred to them and ordered the picture to be removed!

It is plain that the all-absorbing ambition of the Emperor at present is to secure the succession of the Prince Imperial. There is no doubt that there is a wide-spread disbelief in Paris of this boy's being really the son of Napoleon and Eugénie; as yet it is expressed only in significant wonders that there should have been no further addition to the royal family, but were the Emperor to die the matter would be investigated. Certainly the lad bears no resemblance to either of his reputed parents. He is a good-looking, lively, delicate fellow, and may be frequently seen examining the articles in the Exhibition under the direction of his instructor, Dr. Cheysson. One morning he and young Prince Arthur of England met on the main avenue and greeted each other cheerfully, then parted, the former to explore the military departments, to which indeed the most of his attention was given, and the English boy to study the machines, among which he was generally to be found.

So far as France is concerned the more I see of it the more I observe the feverish twitches and starts of a people about to wake. The French people have no admiration for monarchs. They did indeed come in vast numbers to see the Sultan; chiefly, I believe, from curiosity. There was something fresh even for the boulevards to see a hundred magnificent polygamists settling down in the streets of Paris. But the monarchs whose crowns were their only distinction were left by them to the admiration of Americans. As the Czar, the King, the Prince, the Emperor passed along there were some "Hoorays" but no "Vivas." "Is it not odd," I asked of a friend, an imperialist, "that the crowd does not cheer your Emperor?" The Emperor had just passed, bowing to an utterly silent throng of (chiefly) French people. "Oh," said he, "a French crowd never cheers." Whereof there was a striking illustration in the evening at the theatre where Victor Hugo's *Hernani* was given. The crowd thundered out the name of Hugo—it stamped, clapped, roared, until the contagion of fury got into the hands of Prince Napoleon, who burst out his gloves by clapping, and into the breast of the mild Etienne Arago, who shouted out a *Vive Hugo*, for which he half-apologized in the papers next day. I wonder what M.M. Sarcey and Barochi, who, pale and troubled, looked upon this scene of Hernani, not in the programme, thought of the alleged inability of the French to cheer. Had Victor Hugo been in the theatre that night there would have been for the first time an historical parallel to that night when Voltaire was dragged from his box in the same building and crowned upon its stage. As it was, every shout was a poisoned shaft for the Emperor, whom nobody loves. Many a time have I seen the sneer curling upon silent lips when foolish Americans have attempted to please French people by adulations of their Emperor; and I regret to say that I encountered every where an impression that Americans more than the people of other countries are prone to a certain servility toward the crowned and titled whatever their characters. Perhaps the touch of the imperial will, which compelled them on the Fourth of July to give up their fête at the Pre-Catelan *while a dozen other fêtes went on*, and to spend Independence Day mourning for the downfall of the Hapsburg invader of Mexico, may have given such a needed lesson. That the people of France are hoping that the Napoleonic dynasty may be thrown off without revolution I believe; but I am still more certain that they are determined that it shall end, that it shall not be inherited nor replaced by a legitimist monarchy, and that their government shall be the fit raiment of their splendid culture and fraternal society.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SEPTEMBER, "the heart's month," as well as "the harvest month," is passing from us. June, with its bursting buds and softly-scented air, comes with charming freshness after long, cold months; but there is a mellow maturity about September that is luxurious to body and spirit. The glorious days, so bright and sunny, the deep, green foliage, the ripening fruit hanging in thick clusters from the bending boughs, the yellow corn bursting from the husk, the nodding grain, and withal a certain indescribable atmosphere of *rest* encircling every thing, give a peculiar charm to this first autumn month. We are speaking of September in the country; for, turning from the city just as the fashionable world was re-entering it, in a quiet nook we have been whiling away these hours in delicious, dreamy laziness. Roaming unmolested through forest, lawn, and garden, a book in hand for company, now lounging on the grassy bank, now plucking the white and purple plums that hang so temptingly low, slowly eating the luscious fruit while gazing dreamily into the deep blue sky, such restful reveries have stolen over us that even the dinner-bell would sound unnoticed until the old family Tabby, who is fully posted in all signals respecting the serving of meat and milk, rubbed her soft head wistfully against the hand that listlessly clasped a volume of Longfellow.

To be sure, about the middle of the month, there came a "cold spell," chilly nights and crisp mornings; and one bright, still Sabbath, at early dawn, the ground was white with frost. It was too soon for this silent blighter to make his appearance, and many a cherished nursling and tender herb withered at the sharp touch. There was much anxiety also among farmers lest the corn had received its death-blow. But after this, September, as if regretting such severity, became milder, mellower, gentler even than before. And though the rich, fresh green of many a growing thing was gone, the gold and crimson gleaming in the forest foliage added new beauty to the landscape. Gentle September, farewell! October, bearing rich and varied pleasures, is just at hand. Yet reluctantly we bid adieu to this beautiful month, so full of recollections, joyous and pleasant, as well as sad and tender ones.

The nutting season is a favorite one among the young folks in the country. The chestnut crop in Connecticut promises better this year than for a long time. When the early frosts have opened the burs there will be plenty of merry-making in their vicinity.

The Goodrich potato is an excellent variety of this indispensable vegetable. One bushel and a half of this kind, planted last spring in Fishkill, have this fall yielded one hundred and twenty-six bushels.

We can not believe it is true, but report says that a minister of New Haven, who has been faithfully laboring in his office for twenty-five years, has been obliged to leave his pulpit and go to work as a carpenter to obtain means to support his family.

A train on the Northwestern Railroad in Iowa was recently delayed an hour and a half on account of grasshoppers, which so thickly covered the track that the engine-drivers slipped on the rails.

In Kansas they have corn-stalks twelve and eighteen feet high; and beef in the interior of Texas is 3½ cents a pound. Cheap living in such localities!

The coming season promises to be the most brilliant in the musical annals of New York. The concerts at Irving Hall will supply delightful recreation and rest to people of real taste and refinement. Genuine music of the highest class is truly ennobling, and affords a safe and healthful amusement to young and old.

Tomatoes, it is said, were first introduced into this country as an article of food on the table of the Astor House in 1830. In less than two years they were eaten all over the country. The tomato is considered one of the most healthful fruits or vegetables—whichever it may be regarded.

The organist of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in Fourth Avenue, commenced his career when a child of six and a half years, by playing the organ of the Bedford Avenue church in Brooklyn. His name is Walter Russell Johnston. He is now but twenty-three years old, and has held his present position for ten years. He is a fine performer and a talented composer.

Seventeen missionaries recently left New York in the steamer *Denmark*. Among them were several whose names have long been well known as laborers in evangelizing the world.

At a late session of the American Institute Farmers' Club, a young miss of nine years proposed to bet with any boy that she could beat him in paring apples. If she beat, he should buy her a new dress; if he beat, she would make him a shirt.

The Howland Will Case, which has excited so much interest in Boston, and indeed throughout the country, is one of the most remarkable causes on record. The amount involved exceeds a million of dollars. Miss Sylvia Ann Howland, a lady of great wealth, died in 1865; and Miss Robinson (now Mrs. Green), her niece, although reputed to be worth $5,000,000, contested her aunt's will, by which she was to receive only an annual income of $70,000. Miss Robinson affirmed that her aunt, in consequence of a quarrel with her (Miss Robinson's) father, made a will leaving every thing to her niece; Miss Robinson, in return, making a will which excluded her father from all share in *her* property. The will of each was deposited with the other. But a subsequent will was made by Miss Howland, without the knowledge of her niece. A strange addition was, however, attached to the will which was in Miss Robinson's possession—a paper sewed with fine thread to the first page—stating in substance that nothing would induce Miss Howland to make a will unfavorable to her niece, and that *that* was her true will, whatever other disposition of her property she might afterward be compelled to make. This document was, apparently, properly signed. The genuineness of this signature, however, was denied; it being alleged that it was copied by tracing from the signature of the original will. This singular document, being executed in duplicate, there were three signatures; and, on examination, they were found to coincide with mathematical accuracy, not only letter for letter and space for space, but also that *each had the same slant to the base line of each paper.* It was proved that a wonderful similarity existed in all of Miss Howland's signatures. But the most curious testimony given at the trial was that of Professor Peirce of Harvard College, one of the best mathematicians of the age, on the doctrine of chances. Having ascertained the relative frequency of coincidence by comparing numerous signatures of Miss Howland, he concluded that, in her case, "this phenomenon (of coincidence) could occur only once in two thousand six hundred and sixty-six millions of millions of millions of times—a number which far transcends human experience. So vast an improbability is practically an impossibility." And his conclusion from these data was thus expressed: "Under a solemn sense of the responsibility involved in the assertion, I declare that the coincidence which has here occurred must have had its origin in an intention to produce it." Strange application of mathematical science to determine the chances of coincidence while writing one's name!

It is reported that the object of the meeting of the Emperors at Salzburg was to arrange a marriage between the Prince Imperial and the Princess Gisete of Austria. She is said to be a charming little creature, eleven years of age, amiable and intelligent, and even now a sort of good fairy to all around her.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.—We learn by recent advices from Paris that the name of ELIAS HOWE, Jr., heads a list of petitioners to the Imperial Commission for a reconsideration of the Sewing Machine Awards—a significant commentary upon the protestations of the HOWE Company that the Gold Medal has already been awarded for that machine.—*Communicated.*

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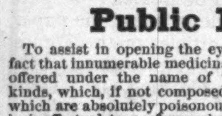

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